

Blissful Vengeance

by 13thBlackPrince

Category: Half Moon Investigations

Genre: Crime, Suspense

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-09-02 03:26:41

Updated: 2016-02-23 09:16:38

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:39:18

Rating: T

Chapters: 7

Words: 22,840

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Ten years after the arson/assault incident, Fletcher Moon thought that it was the end, that he can live a peaceful life as a private investigator but things just won't let him. Now that Red Sharkey was accused with murder and he was accused of bombing the crime scene. Rated for crude language, Angsty!Fletcher, smokes, alcohol, insanity, slash and crossdressing.

1. Chapter 1

um.. hi.

This is my second fan fic.. By the way.. I'm not dropping my previous stories nor am I neglecting it... I just had to make a Half Moon Investigations fanfiction after reading it three times in one month.. yes.. I need a life.. *headdesk*

Anyway.. The set up is ten years later.. and Fletcher Moon has **changed** a lot so.. yeah..

Warnings: Heavy language, Smartass!Fletcher, and pre-slash I guess..?

please enjoy the story.. *bows*

* * *

><p>I was sitting on a stool in a rather loud night club in Dublin. In my hand was a glass of martini, which I wasn't even bothering to drink. A sigh escaped my lips as I swiveled on the chair I was sitting at, eyeing the people dancing the night away.<p>

Allow me to introduce myself. My name's Fletcher Moon, twenty-two years of age, and a private investigator. The reason why I was hanging around a night club wasn't because I was on a stake out or anything along those lines. The real reason was actually that I was there looking for someone to spend the night with. It was against my

will, but my mother, who was already frustrated about my way of life, threatened to disown me if I didn't get myself a girlfriend.

It wasn't that I was afraid of what she was capable of, but seeing everyone around me already married and happy, made me feel out-of-place. Truthfully, I wanted to spend my life in complete solitary, but my co-workers and family thought otherwise. So they had collaborated and sent me up to this place, where everyone had threats. I thought it was stupid, but I went along with them. I needed a break from all the detective business I've done, after all.

So there I was, still alone and lazily slouching on the bar stool. Don't get me wrong, a lot of women walked toward me asking me for a dance, but I never agreed to one because, somehow, no one could catch my interest. Hazel, my sister, had even told me that I'd grown charismatic through the years, but I'd never paid attention her words.

Another sigh passed my lips as I downed the martini in my hand in one gulp and placed it down on the table. I grabbed my wallet, paid for it, and stood up. I was about to leave the noisy place, that was, until I heard a voice call for me.

"Fletcher!"

My body froze when I heard that single statement. It had been ten years since I last heard that voice, and I could never seem to forget it. Excitement and fear both welled up inside of me as I turned, and what I saw made everything invisible but him.

"Red."

Red Sharkey had been my unlikely friend, and partner, during middle school. We had been solving crimes together throughout the year following the arson and the assault incident. No one took us lightly after that, even adults respected us, but that was only lasted up until Red's graduation. We bid goodbyes to each other and only communicated through cell phone messages. That didn't last long either. Suddenly, Red stopped replying to my messages. I thought that he was busy so I didn't mind, but the silence lasted until I graduated, during high school, through college, and even now.

During those times, I figured that he might have been with other people, so I thought that even I should get a move on, but his sudden disappearance left a great impact to me. I grew insecure. That was why I changed through high school. Instead of being a nerd and a detective geek, my insecurities drove me to be an attention seeking trouble maker. I became popular and crowded with friends and admirers although that wasn't something that I appreciated.

This rampant attitude of mine lasted until the first year of college, until Murt Hourihan, a friend of mine who is a law enforcement agent, kicked me into alignment. So I once again studied like an actual student and got back into investigating, but life was never the same.

"Fletcher," Red grinned his Cheshire smile. "How've you been?"

I nodded casually to him, regaining my lost composure. "I've been

well. You?"

"Same as always."

The two of us settled at the bar, him downing a mug of beer while I, once again, held a glass of martini.

"So? It's been long, huh? I barely even recognized you." He told me while taking a sip from the yellow alcohol in his hand. "Looking good."

"Long indeed. Is that so? I never really paid attention to how I look." I replied monotonously.

He snorted then placed his glass down to punch at my arm, which I caught in mid-air without much effort. His eyes widened. Then he retrieved his hand, smirking as he went back to his old self. "You've gotten uncute. Huh, Half Moon?"

I placed my hand down by my side then took a sip from my cold drink. "I simply grew up, that's all there is to it." I dryly answered.

Red probably noticed the coldness in my tone, so he remained silent, eyeing the blinking lights and the dancers that night.

Awkward silence loomed around us despite the loudness of the music. My words had drawn a clear line between us, and I was certain Red had noticed that. Truthfully, I wasn't sure why I said that. Was it because I was still holding a grudge against him? I didn't know.

"Why are you here, Fletcher?" He asked causally, almost as if nothing happened. It seemed like he couldn't bear the silence anymore.

I wanted to tell him that I was there on a stake out, that I was doing this because of a job. "Nothing, just hanging around." Unfortunately, my mouth got a better of me.

He snorted in disbelief then took a swig from his drink. "What? Looking for a good lay?" He joked.

"You can say that."

I heard him choking beside me; it took a while before he could regain his lost composure. "What the-? Seriously?" He questioned with wide eyes.

I nodded, finished my martini, and crossed my arms in front of me. Being a detective, I knew that my body language screamed a defensive stance, but I doubt that Red would know that.

"Yep," I haphazardly said.

He then leaned back and finished his drink. "You've changed a lot, Fletcher."

"I know."

"I miss the old you."

My vision blurred as I felt anger bubble inside of me. He missed the old me? If he did, then why did he leave? Why did he vanish? If he liked my old self that much, then why the fuck did he leave me alone?

My head went hazy with anger and alcohol. I stood up, grabbed my jacket, and shrugged it on. "It was nice seeing you, Red. Goodbye." I snapped as I walked away from him.

He shot up and grabbed my wrist tightly enough to leave red marks on my skin. "Wait, Fletcher."

I jerked my hand away from his grip and pulled my hands in front of me, turning towards him as I did so. "Look, Red." I eyed him indifferently. "Let's face it. I've changed. I'm no longer the Fletcher you know. And I don't think you'll meet him anytime soon." I pulled my hands down and slipped it inside my jacket pocket. "Times have changed, Red. You've changed, and so have I. We lead different lives now. We separated ways ten years ago. Let's just move on." I cast him one last, melancholic smile. Then I turned and walked away, not even sparing a single glance toward him.

"What brought this on, Fletcher?" He called out through the noise.

Several thoughts ran in my mind to answer his question. I paused but didn't look back. "A lot of things," I released a sigh "It's your choice whether to figure that out or not."

I knew from my instincts that Red had his teeth clenched as he answered me. "Why do you have to make things harder?"

I smiled for the second time that night. "You're a smart guy, Red, you can figure it out."

* * *

><p>I groaned as I casually walked past the guards and straight inside the Police department. Murt raised an eyebrow at my disheveled state. I hadn't even bothered brushing my hair, thus, it went in different directions.<p>

"Civilians aren't allowed in here, you know." He reprimanded.

I rolled my weary eyes then pulled out a chair and flopped down in it, my body hanging like a rotten vegetable. "Put a sock in it, Murt. My head's killing me." I groaned then rubbed my temples in an attempt to lessen my hangover.

"Rough night?" The police officer questioned as he arranged the papers on his desk.

I fixed him a glare. "Whose fault do you think it is?" I snapped.

He just held his hands up in front of him with his elbows tucked in. "Whoa there, kiddo. Don't blame only me; there are a lot of culprits who decided on that." He said with a grin.

A sigh escaped my lips as I rolled my eyes then covered them with a wrist. "I met Red last night."

This made Murt's smile fall completely. "You did?"

"Yeah, last night. He was hanging at the club."

"So? What happened?" Murt curiously asked while lighting the cigarette in his hand.

I removed my hand and sat straight, running my fingers over my hair leaving it with mixed results. "Nothing really. We just talked and that's it." I simply answered.

Murt snorted then rolled his eyes in disbelief. "Yeah, right. Tell that to someone who would believe you." He handed the cigarette packet to me and I accepted it without a second thought, pulling out a stick and tucking it between my lips. "What really happened, Fletcher?" He questioned further.

I remained silent as I lit the cancer stick and blew out a small puff of smoke. "He acted as if nothing had happened." I snorted almost bitterly then once again took a long drag from the nicotine filled stick. "It's not that I'm expecting a sorry from him. He's Red Sharkey. I doubt he even realized what he did."

"Ah, news does travel fast!" A voice said.

The two of us turned to see the newbie agent, Callum Matthews, with a grin spread wide across his face. "Ah, Callum." Murt said almost fondly at the blond. I arched my brow at the new face, studying him as I did so.

Murt seemed to notice me then waved him to come closer. "Fletcher, this is--"

"Callum Matthews, he's been here for less than a year. Three months perhaps?" I stated then eyed his whole frame. "Wealthy, a field agent, age is about twenty-two, single." A rat suddenly scuffled on the floorboards, and I noticed his eyes glanced over its way for half a second. "Commendably alert, probably has talent in aiming and sharp shooting." I took a drag from my cigarette then crushed it at the nearby ash tray. "You've got yourself quite a subordinate, Murt."

He just rolled his eyes then sucked at his cancer stick. "Show off." He muttered while nibbling on the cigarette butt.

The newbie's eyes widened at me then his grin spread wider. "Wow! It's all correct! How did you do that?" He exclaimed in admiration.

Of course I didn't let the moment pass.

"Your name is stated on the file I've read in one of the papers in Murt's desk, so is your picture." I sighed softly then propped a hand under my chin. "Unfortunately, the other details were concealed so I had to see through you."

"I've yet to see you around, and you seem to be new, just barging in your boss' room. The soles of your shoes seemed worn off, albeit the top is perfectly polished, it states your luxury and your position. You don't have a ring on your finger, and with him as your boss," I

jerked a thumb over toward the glaring man beside me. "I highly doubt you'd have time for relationships."

"Okay, okay, enough showing off for one day." Murt said to cut me off. I frowned at him but just shrugged it off, taking another cigarette and placing it between my lips. "What were you saying earlier, Matthews?" He queried.

The blond's eyes flickered in remembrance. "Oh yes. There was a second degree murder case that just came in." He glanced at the files he had in hand and started reading aloud. "The crime was committed around eleven thirty last night. The victim's name is April Devereux, age twenty--"

"Did you say April Devereux?" I questioned, unsure of what my reaction should be.

Callum nodded then Murt and I shared a look. I shrugged then leaned back. "It's been a long time since I've last heard about her. Middle school, I would guess?" I took a drag from my cigarette. "Regarding her attitude, I wouldn't doubt if she got killed by her lover or something."

The blond newbie then continued reading. "She was found dead at the car park on sixty-first street with a single gunshot wound to the head."

"The witness had seen a man kneeling close to her with a gun in hand. The suspect was said to have an a tall build, probably around 5'11--"

I felt my throat go dry as I continued listening to him.

"Green eyes, and blazing red hair. The prime suspect is--"

My heart stopped beating as he said the name I dreaded to hear.

"Red Sharkey."

* * *

><p>I've never drove that fast in my life. I rushed toward the scene of the crime scene nearly a hundred and twenty kilometers per hour, with Murt's police car roaring near me, everyone turned away from us.<p>

It took less than five minutes to arrived, in a usually fifteen minute drive. I stepped outside my car, acting casual as I shoved my hair back. I tried to calm myself and think rationally, as I passed under the brightly colored police tape.

"Ah, Sergeant." Police Officer Alexander Stevens greeted with a salute, which was returned by Murt.

"Morning," Murt casually greeted back.

He arched a brow at me. "Still hanging around Moon, I see." He said with a crooked smile.

I studied him carefully and found a smirk spread across my lips. "Still having wasted nights, I see."

We both shared an intense glaring match that was stopped by a sigh courtesy of Murt. "Okay, ladies, enough with the hostility." He turned towards the dark blond haired officer. "Feed me the details."

Alex read through his notes while Murt and I stood near the fallen corpse of a woman I could barely recognize on the grey concrete. Why would Red do this? What motive did he have for killing April? I pondered for a while, and failed to notice that they were calling for my attention.

"Earth to Fletcher Moon, come in midget space ranger." Alex sarcastically said while knocking a knuckle over my head.

I batted his hand off and sent him a glare. "What do you want, rookie?"

He snorted. "Rookie? Who's the one spacing out at a crime scene?" He smirked at me. "Better keep your mouth closed, Moon, you don't want your drool messing with the DNA in here."

"Then shut your trap, rookie, your spitting all over the place."

Murt forcefully coughed in his fist, once again cutting our bickering. "If you two keep doing this I'm going to tie you up in a chair and force you to watch sappy romance movies _for a whole day_."

I felt the blood on my face drain, and the look in Alex's face told me that he felt the same. What Murt says, Murt does. There was pretty much an urban legend going around the police force. Once there was a police rebel that got it in his veins to disappear for a day. The day after that, he was a changed man, who shuddered in fear around Murt. Poor guyâ€¦ it must've been tough.

Murt sighed when the two of us fell silent. Then he walked toward the corpse. "April Dereveuxâ€¦ I remember her starting that weird group Les- whatever, when she was only a little girl."

I remembered that scene then shook my head when Red came to mind. I looked around to be rid of my thoughts and focused on my surroundings, and that was when I saw the black attachÃ© case by the corner.

My feet brought me towards the mysterious package, and I knelt in front of it, looking at the locked material.

"Huh?" Alex said from behind me. "I didn't notice that earlier."

A thought hit me like a truck. I heard a faint tick inside the case. I didn't even have the time to feel nervous.

"**Everybody down**!"

â€¦ Then the black case, along with most of the parking lot, burst into flames.

* * *

><p>... *bows*<p>

I'd like to thank my awesome beta, WhereDestiniesMeet17. Thank you for tolerating my horrible tenses..

thank you for reading..

please leave a review, comment, _constructive_ criticism..

but if you're going to leave a flame.. it's fine.. I'll use it to warm my ass off because it's freaking cold without my blanket. Just say

"this is shit just go to hell how dare you mess with Fletcher yadda yadda yadda"

then

"THIS IS SHIT GO TO HELL FOR YOUR EFFIN WORTHLESS STORIES"

the difference..?

I abhor uppercase.

bows

until next time...

* * *

><p>Chapter 2 preview...<p>

"You idiot..."

"There's a traitor in the Police force..."

"Looks like you'll have to bear with my company, Fletcher."

"Well, what a surprise. It's nice of you to visit, Red Sharkey."

_"Looks like your reunion got a little too heated, __huh?"_

"Genie..."

* * *

><p>*shuffles off to the corner of the room to review*

2. Chapter 2

Hey, sorry for taking too long to update.

I've been inspired by the new comment and.. yeah... I once again

succumbed to my reader's demands.

I'm a simple person to begin with..

Thank you for reviewing SolR, and TheNerds, I'll have to agree that there are insufficient Half moon fictions here, such an underrated story.. hopefully I'll manage to give justice to Eoin's wonderful story.

****Warnings:**** Mentions of blood, heavy language, sadism and cross dressing.

Enjoy reading...

* * *

><p>Everything went so fast that even though my experience, my brain was having trouble catching up with what was happening.<p>

First, I realized that there was a bomb inside that case. Then my whole body fell flat on the ground, my eyes covered with something so I barely saw the flames soaring above me and right after thatâ€¦

My head was blank; I still couldn't comprehend what was happening. My ears were ringing and something heavy was on top of me. The material mounting me started jerking, and then a pair of hands came into sight and settled on the either side of my face. The figure pushed itself up, revealing Alex's dirt and blood covered face.

He parted his mouth and started speaking, but the ringing in my ears still hadn't gone away, so I tried reading his words. "You idiot," he said, a weak glare focused straight on me. His blood started dripping on my face, streaming down my cheeks. I could've sworn when I saw his hands earlier, they were badly burnt. "Next time you warn everyone, make sure you're safe." Then he collapsed on top me.

Once the ringing on my ears died, I heard Murt yelling at us, asking us about our condition. A group of officers, along with Murt himself, came running toward us, then the paramedics followed.

My body fell limp and lifeless as they carried me off inside the ambulance. I felt sick to my stomach because of the familiarity of the situation. I turned to look beside me to see Alex being carried off to another hospital vehicle, his face and body covered with burn wounds, scratches and blood. For a fraction of a second I saw Red with his face covered in blood ten years ago at the garden of the Devereux's. Then I fell unconscious.

-.-

My eyes felt heavy, but I struggled to part them, only to once again be blinded by the sudden flash of light.

"â€¦cherâ€¦ Fletcher..!"

I blinked my eyes a few times then the image of a white, hospital room swam into my vision and beside me stood Murt, relief flooding his eyes.

"You crazy bastardâ€¦ scaring me like that." He growled, pulling a

cigarette from his pocket and lighting it, ignoring the no smoking sign stuck on the wall beside me.

I frowned disapprovingly at him. "Smoking isn't allowed here, Murt."

He snorted at me while I struggled to sit up, which I finally managed to do after a couple of failed attempts. My body was covered with white bandages, over my head, around my wrists, and other places. Murt stared at me as he opened the window in my room, hanging his cigarette over it while the wind blew the smoke away.

"How long was I asleep?" I asked, wincing at the sharp pain jotting from different places.

Murt blew a puff of smoke from his mouth. "Two days." He whispered.

I hummed in reply, and then a thought came in my mind. "How's Alex?"

"Well, I thought you'd never ask."

I turned towards the door and saw that idiotic blond with a crutch supporting him. He smirked at me. "Still lazing around, short stuff. I woke up yesterday."

I rolled my eyes at him. "Shut up, rookie." I found myself trying to hiss at him, but it came out as an almost concerned note. "How are you?"

He limped inside my room, nudging the door close right after. "A lot better, thank you." He grinned.

Another frown graced my face as I looked at him. "Show off."

Murt reached his limit. "Okay, okay, stop bitching at each other first thing in the day." He sighed exasperatedly.

I turned towards him, trying to ignore Alex's existence. "What happened to the crime scene?"

He extinguished his cigarette. "Vanished into ashes. Only pictures were taken, and some almost insignificant evidences, other than that-" he snapped the last of his cigarette. "Gone."

I hissed then clenched my fists. "Fuckâ€|"

Alex frowned then settled down on a sofa with much difficulty. "Well, that's to be expected." He shoved a stray fringe of hair away from his eyes. "Why'd you call me over here, Murt?"

I arched a brow at him. "He did?"

He rolled his eyes at me. "Just said so didn't I?"

The eldest of us three sighed dejectedly. "Look, I know you two ain't the best of friends, but can't you last at least a minute together without exchanging smart remarks?"

We exchanged one last glare and turned towards the other. "Explain yourself, Murt." I said almost stiffly. I could feel a mystery in there.

He sighed softly then crossed his arms in front of him.

"There's a traitor in to Police Force." He dryly said.

Our eyes widened simultaneously, and then I thought it over and arrived at the same conclusion.

"I'll have to agree with thatâ€¦" I whispered thoughtfully. "Only a police officer could place that attachÃ© case."

Murt nodded in agreement, and then leaned back on the wall. "I could only trust you two because no criminal would be insane enough to risk his life for erasing the evidences. And besides..." he turned towards me. "You were with me the whole time." Then to Alex, "on the other handâ€¦"

The blond's eyes widened, but then settled down to a half lidded, smirking state. "I understand if you think it's me, I wasn't with you two. I arrived earlier. Don't worry, I won't reason myself. Feel free to suspect me."

I smirked back at him. "It's either you're a damn good liar or you're confident of your innocence."

He snorted. "What can I say? I don't feel guilty of things I haven't done."

"Precisely the reason why I called you here," Murt said, cutting our conversation short. "I doubt that you'd be responsible. And I've proven your innocence. Everyone there says that the attachÃ© case only appeared when we arrived, and you were with us the whole time. Although, I doubt everyone has the same line of thinking as I."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"It's highly possible that in their eyes, you two are the most likely suspects."

Alex looked bewildered. "What do you mean?"

I wasn't a step behind in this conversation.

"I was afraid that it might come to this." I said as I rubbed the bridge of my nose. "You are a suspect because you were with me when I approached the attachÃ© case which gives us the opportunity to place it there."

"But we were the ones who noticed it! That doesn't make sense! Why would we do that?"

My gaze fell to my hands, "because I have the most likely motive for doing it."

When I lifted my gaze, I saw Murt's face scrunched in anger and met Alex's troubled eyes.

"Red Sharkey and I were friends before, so it's reasonable that a friend would like to save another."

A frustrated groan escaped Alex's lips. "Damn this. Doing good is always a pain!"

I sighed then turned towards Murt. "So? What should we do?"

He turned towards me then flashed me a crooked smile. "You're the detective. I bet some plot is already bubbling inside that head of yours."

I returned a knowing smirk then closed my eyes for a second. "Well, I guess we'd just have to do it the old school style?"

He snorted. "Oh, those memories make my head hurt already." He turned towards Alex. "There's no need to worry Stevens. Your name will be cleared soon enough."

Alex looked suspicious, but he just brushed it off. "Then I give you my life, Half Moon."

My eyes widened in a fraction then snapped my gaze towards Alex. He just grinned at me.

"Half Moon. Cause you're small."

I felt a small, sincere smile made its way towards my lips. "Half Moonâ€¦" I mumbled to myself then sent a half-hearted glare towards him. "You're the one to talk; you're barely taller than me."

The door suddenly burst open, revealing Callum's sweat stricken, panicked face. "A-Are you okay, Sir Moon?" He yelled.

The three of us looked at him with wide eyes. "Callum?" Murt questioned.

The blond field agent sighed when he laid his eyes at me. He collapsed on his knees and showed me an exasperated smile. "I'm so glad that you're okay! I didn't have time to visit before!"

"I-I'm fine, Matthews," I stuttered, still a little shocked. "Thank you for the concernâ€¦"

He shot up and saluted. "I'll be taking my leave then," he grinned almost childishly "I have to file some cases." Then he left the room a second later.

"What was that all aboutâ€¦?" Alex muttered.

.-.

I lied down on my bed with darkness embracing my whole body, alone in the room with only my thoughts accompanying me. I sighed then covered my eyes with my wrist. "Such a painâ€¦"

The knob on my door jerked. I thought it was just my imagination, but realized it wasn't when it was pushed open. My wrist remained over my eyes. "Look, Alex, I want to be alone."

"Looks like you'll have to bear with my company, Fletcher."

I immediately shot up, disregarding the pain from my injuries as I looked at the man in front of me. His eyes hid behind a pair of thick framed glasses, a coat over his fairly thin yet well-built body and a hat nestled on top of his pitch black hair.

I felt my body relaxed as I looked at the stranger in front of me.

"Well, what a surprise. It's nice of you to visit, Red Sharkey."

-. -

Red kicked the door close then took his hat off, revealing his thick bed of jet black hair. "I thought I could trick you." He said as he removed his glasses and stared at me with his sharp, green eyes.

"Your voice is a dead giveaway. No matter how much you disguise yourself, I can tell everything from your voice." I said confidently. "So? How's the targeting-blond-bimbo-business lately?"

His expression darkened, his sharp features heightened. "Fletcher, you know-"

"I do, Red." I cut him off. "You're innocent. That much I know."

Red's face softened then he walked towards me. "What the hell happened to you? I heard there was an explosion at the crime scene."

I thoughtfully touched the prominent burn on my arm. "I got caught up; good thing another officer pushed me away from getting fried."

"You idiot. You always get in trouble even if you're not capable of getting away from it."

I snorted at him. "Like you're the one to talk. You're the prime suspect of April's death, Red."

He sighed then sat on the edge of my bed. "Seems like it. We're both trouble magnets, better be used to it."

"Tell me what happened."

He smirked at me. "Really? Do we really have to talk about this right away?"

I sighed at him. "Let's talk with what matters most, Red. I don't have time for this. Once we're both behind bars, we can't do anything about it."

I also heard a sigh from him. "What's with the cryptic message you left me with before, Fletcher? Can't you just tell me what's wrong?"

"Just tell me what happened, Red, so we can get this over-"

What happened next caught me by surprise. At first I was sitting with Red beside me and the next my back was flat against the bed with Red looming over me, my shoulders pinned by his firm hold. "God damnit, Fletcher." He hissed, although his eyes showed pure anguish.

Once again I ignored the pain and just looked him straight in the eyes. I was about to speak, that was until the door jerked open, only to slam close right after.

"Looks like your reunion got a little too heated, huh?"

The voice was enough to tell me who it is, but I still struggled to take a glance at the other visitor I had that night.

"Genie." I noted absently. Red pushed himself away from me and stood up; I could've sworn I saw him glare at the older woman.

Genie Sharkey grinned at me then twirled a key on her finger, in her other hand held a massive bag. "Hello, detective, wow, you've gotten hot, huh?" She said with a wink.

I struggled to sit up, eyeing the bag in her hand. "What's that?" I questioned.

She grinned at me then dropped the bag beside her. "My disguising skills have improved a lot!" She cheered then waltzed around her younger brother. "What do you think?"

I just smiled at her. "A lot better than a henna and patchy tan."

Genie smirked at me then walked over towards her bag. "You can't do all your magical detective shit without a disguise ya know, soâ€¦" She opened the bag and pulled out a massive box I could tell was filled with makeup.

"Ready to get in touch with your feminine side?"

"Ready to get in touch with your feminine side?" She grinned.

My eyes widened.

"What?"

-. -

"Red, be a dear and lock the door for me," Genie sang as she walked toward me, a look of pure horror crossing my face. Red did what he was told, a small apologetic smile focused toward me.

"W-Wait," I stuttered, nearly unable to form coherent thoughts with my mind clouded with shock and fear. "Y-You can't be seriousâ€¦| Genie... I-I'm a guy."

The auburnette just shrugged as she assembled the makeup over on the nearby table. "Don't be such a pussy, Fletcher, I've done my research on makeup, and men can look girly, you know."

She winked at me, which felt like a wolf winking on a cornered rabbit. "I bet you'd make a fabulous lady."

I looked at my last chance of escape to this insanity, which happened to be Red. "R-Red, help me out here." I almost pleaded.

He looked at me with a small, pitiful smile on his face. "Sorry, Fletch, we need to solve this case, after all."

I was about to yell at him, but that was until Genie Sharkey caught my chin in her fingers, tilting my face up to look at her.

"Now, now, Fletcher," she whimsically said. "Don't move, else I might accidentally poke your eyes blind." Her green eyes sparkled menacingly. "We don't want that, do we?"

Only one coherent thought crossed my mind—

Holy shit—

* * *

><p>Right after applying tons of makeup to my face, dressing me with a tight fitting dark suit, s-stuffing my chest, and placing a long blonde wig over my head, I looked like another person.<p>

"Voila," Genie said as she pushed a mirror in front of my face.

"_Mo dhia—" I groaned then my face fell in my hands.

The ginger haired woman snorted then placed her hands on her hips. "What? You look hot!"

I lifted my face just enough to look at her. "I look like a slut."

"Precisely!" she cheered while clapping her hands. "That way no one will suspect you as tight-ass Fletcher Moon!"

Red walked towards me and placed a hand over my shoulder. "You look fine, Fletcher," he smiled, trying to console me, but I could see that he was fighting back a smirk.

I fixed him with a weak glare. "Damn you, Red, you fucking traitor." I once again hid in my hands' comfort. "I want to die, someone please kill me." I moaned.

Genie began fixing her things. "Stop overreacting, Moon." She pulled a pair of black high heels from her bag. "I thought you should wear miniskirts, but we have no time for shaving so I'll just do that later at the house." She grinned at me.

I felt mortified at what she said. I was so stunned that I couldn't pull words from my mouth. "Y-You can't be serio—"

"Enough chit chat," she snapped then tossed the high heels in front of me. "Wear those and let's get a move on."

* * *

><p>Murt walked towards Fletcher's room, a cup of coffee in his hand. He held the knob and pushed the door open, only to see the bed empty and a note lying over on the desk.<p>

He walked towards the note and took it in his hand.

Murt,

I'm going through with the investigation, just leave it in my care and you won't be disappointed.

Fletcher Moon

P.S.

If I happen to die, blame Genie Sharkey.

The sergeant laughed to himself then slid the note in his pocket.

"Fletcher, Red, and now Genie Sharkey," He took a sip from his cup. "What a formidable group."

* * *

><p>"Ow!" I hissed as I tripped the umpteenth time while walking toward the parking lot. Red took hold of my arm, supporting me all the way.<p>

Genie frowned at me. "C'mon, Half Moon," she clucked her tongue. "You're blowing our cover."

I glared at her. "You do know that I'm still injured, right?" I glared at the tall heels I was wearing, "and these heels are making walking impossible."

Red grinned at me. "You can pull it off Fletch-"

I wanted to slam my head on a nearby wall and just sleep the rest of my life. "I'd like to see you in my position, Red." I hissed at him.

He just laughed then we turned toward a blazing red sports car. How cliché.

Genie took the driver's seat, Red in shotgun, and I sat alone in the back seat.

Red glanced at me while fixing his seatbelt. "You better wear yours, Half Moon, you don't want to die from a heart attack."

I immediately did what I was told.

Genie snorted as she slipped on a pair of sunglasses. "Pussies," she said then she slammed her foot on the gas.

* * *

><p>As I stepped outside the car, I was fighting the nauseating

feeling inside of me that threatened to spill out in the form of vomit. Genie casually stepped outside the car and headed inside a rundown apartment. Red walked toward me, seeing me in my miserable dizzy state. I've driven fast in my life, sometimes exceeding the speed limit, but my driving speed and Genie's were very different. Where I was fast and careful, she was fast and inexplicably reckless, slamming on the brakes and turning sharp corners quickly.<p>

I coughed a few times then straightened my back, finally sober enough to acknowledge my surroundings. In front of me was the crime scene area where I had been two days ago. The place was swarming with police and the concrete was tainted with ash from the explosion. Red grabbed the sleeve of my coat and yanked it hastily.

"Hurry up, Half Moon," he said in a hushed voice.

"Where to?" I asked him, my eyes still focused on the crime scene.

"Up." He said then pointed at the old building.

* * *

><p>"What took you two so long?" Genie said as she turned toward me, a pair of binoculars in her hands, and still leaning over the window.<p>

"Sorry." I casually said then limped toward her. "What are we doing here?"

She rolled her eyes like the answer was the most obvious thing in the world. "We're searching the crime scene, idiot. It's not like we can just strut over there like bosses, ya know."

Red knelt beside her and held the binoculars in front of his eyes. I struggled to do the same, which was a difficult feat considering the body pains and the feeling of straining clothes against me.

I looked at the crimes scene with magnified lenses and saw nothing.

"Got something detective?" Genie questioned. Obviously, stakeouts weren't her thing.

I groaned in frustration then slumped back, dropping the binoculars beside me. "Nothing. I have to get closer."

Red remained looking through his. Suddenly his body twitched. "Hey, Fletcher," he called out, waving his hand towards me. "Look at this."

I huffed then knelt beside him, taking my own binoculars and looked at the scene. "What am I supposed to be looking at?" I asked him.

"Look at that tree over there, isn't it different from the others?"

I focused on what Red was referring to, and, at first, I just thought that Red was assuming things. But when I looked hard over the leaves,

I realized his point.

"There's a markâ€|" I whispered almost breathlessly. A
breakthrough.

Genie walked toward me and looked over my shoulder with her binoculars. "What mark?" she asked.

"There's a pattern over there, if only I could see up close-"

"Thought so." She said then stood up. "You need to see closer, right?" She questioned me.

I put the binoculars down and nodded toward her.

She sighed then fished something from her pocket. "I really didn't want to resort to this but," she pulled out a black leather wallet, which looked very similar toâ€|" wait-

"That's my badge!" I yelled in surprise.

She winked at me. "Precisely. I'm just going to violate it for a while, if you don't mind."

Genie walked toward a attachÃ© case that I hadn't noticed earlier and opened it, turning it on, and started typing away. "Red, get the printer from the car." She ordered dryly, her younger brother doing as he was told.

"What are you going to do?" I asked her, looking at the laptop beside her.

She didn't stop typing as she answered me. "I'm going to create a profile."

The door opened with Red carrying a massive bag in his hands. He placed it beside the laptop and pulled the bag off, revealing a classy printer.

Genie took my ID from the wallet and scanned it on the printer, pulling it out right after, and tossing it to me. She once again resumed speed typing then hit print.

"Now all we do is wait."

"What did you do?" I queried.

She took a pack of cigarettes from her pocket, slipping a stick between her dyed lips and tossing the box to me. "I scanned your ID and made a similar one." She said then turned toward me, blowing a puff of smoke as she did so. "I make forged ID's all the time," she grinned proudly.

I placed the box beside me, not really in the mood for a drag.

The printer beeped and she turned toward it, taking the finished product in her hands and tossing it to me. "Looks real enough?" She asked.

I looked at the ID, noted that it looked real, like it was the exact same thing as my own. The only difference was that the name stated 'Jasmine Paradizo' and my picture had been replaced with Genie's.

She snatched the ID back, slid it inside the wallet and stood up. "Let's go, ladies, we've got some investigating to do."

I groaned at her joke.

Red just stood up and walked behind her. I limped beside him and elbowed his side. "How did Genie learn forgery?" I asked him.

He just smirked at me. "All those activities she used to enter needed the applicant to be eighteen and above, and, well, you get the picture." He winked at me, which was something I haven't seen for a very long time.

"Ol' habits die hard."

* * *

><p>Among all the characters in Halfmoon Investigations, I'll have to admit that I like genie's character most. She reminds me of a wilder Lucy. *facepalm*<p>

Thank you for reading and have a pleasant day.

Please don't forget to review because only your reviews give me motivation in uploading (I'm looking at you, lurkers)

3. Chapter 3

Sorry for the long update. I lost all my files and... yeah. *cries a river*

Enjoy the update. Oh, and thank you for the comments. They're greatly appreciated. I might take longer in updating since I'm experiencing the worst Writer's block in my life. So great that I only get to finish one shots (hence the one shot flooding in my fiction press account).

* * *

><p>The three of us walked casually toward the crime scene, or in my case, limped. Genie held her 'calm, cool and collected' Sharkey trademark walk and so did Red, the very reason why I stood out like a rock among diamonds. She stopped in front of the police tape, pulling her eye glasses down to look at the officer who seemed suspicious of us. I felt my throat go dry from nervousness.<p>

"I'm sorry, but this is off limits to civilians." He dryly said.

Genie pulled out the leather wallet and flipped it open in front of the man. "I'm a private detective sent by Murt Hourihan in his stead." She informed in a cold, calculating voice.

The officer's eyes then turned toward the two of us. Genie placed the

badge back in her pocket. "They're trainees," she immediately said.

She jerked a thumb over Red. "He's Liam Pierce,"

Red tipped his hat at the officer. "Good afternoon." He greeted in a flawless sultry tenor.

Then Genie turned toward me. I was positive that I saw a glint in her eyes. "And this one's Aoife Byrne."

I just lowered my head at him; I figured that it would've been better to keep silent since I've yet to try my supposedly _feminine_ voice.

The ginger haired poser chuckled almost delightedly. "She's a shy one, cute isn't she?" She joked with the officer.

The man's face softened then he sheepishly smiled back at Genie, his hand reaching up to his nape. "I'm sorry for the trouble, Miss Paradizo, please proceed." He said. I saw him take a glance to me, or maybe it was just me being paranoid.

Another man went trudging toward us. "May I see your IDs'?" He said with a sharp look in his eyes. I wasn't really intimidated by it since I've seen scarier looks, but you'd hardly remain calm when you're a cross-dressing private investigator in front of police officers who are trained face analyzers.

Genie turned toward the man, an annoyed look in her eyes. "Do all of you really need to see my ID?" She snapped. "While you're here acting all nosy with other people, the killer is free and running rampant in the streets."

I studied the man's face and realized that he was a co-worker of Murt's, Sergeant O'Neill. I've seen his different expressions, no matter how few they were, and only then did I see that his face had lost its composure and had become apologetic, almost respectful.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am, but we're just following orders." He said, his usually tough voice now a level above meek.

Genie rubbed the bridge of her nose. "I get it," she said, pulling out the leather wallet from her pocket and flashing it in front of him. "There," she said, "I think this is enough, right?"

O'Neill nodded then sent an apologetic look at the auburnette. "Pardon me for the interruption. Can I help you with anything?" He offered.

Like a wild dog, he had been tamed by Genie's words...scary.

Genie flipped a small notepad she took from her coat pocket open. "Feed me the details, pronto." She ordered.

Red and I stood side by side. I nudged him to catch his attention.

"Do you have a camera?" I asked him.

"Why?" He questioned me back.

"I'm going to check the mark we saw earlier." I told him. "Take a couple of pictures to preserve the evidence."

He fished something from his pocket and pulled out a thin, handy camera that could easily pass as a ballpen. "Go knock yourself out."

I walked away from him, heading toward the tree we were aiming for. I took pictures of the darkly tainted wall in front of me, not missing a single inch of it, for every shot was crucial, after all.

Once I was satisfied, I raised my arms up and took pictures of the narrow tip of the barricade.

"R-" I nearly slipped, "L-Liam, come here."

Red immediately did what he was told.

"What is it, Fletcher?" He whispered.

I pointed at the top of the fence. "Give me a boost; I need to see what's in there."

He frowned. "I can't just kneel on all fours on the ground, you know. That attracts too much attention." He complained.

I grimaced in return. "Stop being picky and just do as I say." I snapped.

He groaned then grabbed me by the waist and hoisted me up to his shoulder, effortlessly.

"What-!" I almost yelled.

He winked at me. "That's fine isn't it? You're a lady, after all."

I rolled my eyes at him. "Shut up." And then I turned toward the narrow platform and sighed. "Two days were enough to erase the evidence."

I held the platform firmly and hoisted myself up to it. I nearly lost my balance because of the heels I forgot I was wearing, but I managed to recover not a minute too soon.

Red looked up at me. "You've gotten lighter on your feet, huh?" He teased.

"There are a number of changes that happened to me during your absence." I brushed it off coldly.

I carefully balanced myself while taking pictures of the tree. There was, indeed, a strange pattern in there. The branches had been deranged unnaturally and there wastorn and squished leaves here and there, the sign that someone had climbed up there. I snapped a couple of pictures of them.

"Good," I whispered to myself once I was satisfied. I turned and

something immediately caught my eyes; the half burnt surveillance camera perched on top of the emergency staircase. I pocketed the camera and leapt down gracefully, landing on the balls of my feet and the tips of my fingers so as not to trip on the heels.

"Red," I called him.

The said male turned toward me then leaned down to my reach. "That surveillance camera over there," I pointed discreetly, "the police might've already gotten the tape, but I want to see it myself."

He squinted to see the one I was pointing to. "Don't you think that it's already fried? It got caught up in the explosion, after all." He suggested.

"There's a high possibility," I agreed, "but you'll never know right? It might be the key to prove our innocence."

"So?" He asked me, "how do you intend to actually get a hold of the tape?"

I sunk deep in thought. "Tomorrow," I told him then lifted my gaze. "Tomorrow, I'll figure it out."

* * *

><p>The three of us left the scene later that afternoon. We settled inside the car with Red driving instead of Genie.<p>

"Ah, so tiringâ€|" She groaned then leaned her chair back.

"Where are we heading now?" I asked her while removing my shoes, frowning at the two throbbing blisters on my feet.

Genie remained silent, so Red answered me instead.

"We're going to stay in a hotel," he said. "It's not safe to go back to the house, after all."

I nodded then leaned my head on the window, allowing a small yawn to escape my lips.

"How are your injuries, Half Moon?" He asked me.

A frustrated groan found its way out of my lips. "Don't call me that," I almost bristled. "I'm already twenty-two, enough with the pet names."

I heard a sigh from Red. "I understand." He complied almost submissively.

Awkward silence filled the car. Red kept his eyes on the road while I stared through the window. The silence was suffocatingâ€|

I wanted to get out that moment.

* * *

><p>We reached the hotel less than an hour later, but it seemed like an eternity for me. I took a deep breath and stretched my arms, as we

got out of the car.<p>

Genie yawned then rubbed her eyes, slightly messing up with her makeup as she did so. "Damn," she whispered as she checked her wrist watch. "It's already seven? The show's on!" She exclaimed then burst inside the hotel.

"What was that about?" I asked Red.

He locked the car and pocketed the key. "It's a television show she's crazy about," he said. "It starts at seven." He walked towards the entrance.

"Oh," I murmured as I followed behind him.

I couldn't help but notice the cold atmosphere looming between usâ€|

And I'm pretty sure Red knew about it too.

* * *

><p>Genie's face seemed like she was panicking while demanding for a room number.<p>

"Hurry up!" She screeched at the adult manning the counter.

He mirrored Genie's expression, panicked. "I-I'm sorry, ma'am, we only have two rooms left." He informed her, "there are the Valentine's suites and the single's room-"

"I don't care!" the ginger haired woman yelled, "just give me the keys! He'll pay!" She jerked her thumb towards us.

The man placed the keys on top of the counter, and Genie snatched one and dashed off, disappearing from sight.

"Wowâ€|" I whispered. "You weren't kidding when you said crazyâ€|"

Red looked at me with stern eyes. I arched a brow in question, and he just sighed and leaned to my ear. "Fletcher, you're still in women's clothing, your voice isâ€|"

My eyes widened in realization.

"O-" I bit my bottom lip and tried to manipulate my vocal chords. "_Ohâ€|_" I muttered awkwardly.

Red looked at me with wide eyes.

_"W-What?"_I stuttered in a false falsetto, nervous under his gaze.

"Nothingâ€|" He muttered then took his wallet out and paid the rooms.

He smiled apologetically at the man. "I apologize for my superior's behavior," he said, referring to Genie. "She's quite eccentric."

The other bowed low. "It's fine, sir— please enjoy your stay."

* * *

><p>"Do we really have to stay in here, together?" I groaned.<p>

"It's not like we have a choice, unless you want to share it with Genie?" Red replied while stripping off his coat and hat.

"Well, you two could share a room," I hissed. "You're siblings, so it doesn't really matter."

Red just continued stripping until only his white long sleeves and slacks were left, his neck tie still hanging on his shoulders. "Why are you so conscious, Fletcher?" He arched his brow. "We're both guys. We were friends. I don't see what's wrong with sharing a bed." He plopped down the massive mattress as emphasis.

"Originally, I wouldn't mind much." I pointed at the excessive designs in the room which served to be highly suggestive. The massive red bed, the heart shaped pillows, the candles, dim lights, roses, and I thought I saw a condom on top of the desk. "But this is weird for two guys to share, isn't it?"

He simply shrugged then pulled off his necktie.

"Don't worry, Fletch." He smirked at me. "I won't jump on you." He raised a hand that had two fingers crossed. "No promises, though."

I shot him a burning glare. That, alone, made him burst out laughing.

A frustrated groan slipped past my lips. I faced the mirror and tugged off the wig propped on top of my dark hair. "I'm going to take a shower," I said then retreated to the bathroom.

I stood under the hot shower for a whole minute examining each and every burn I had. Nothing was infected, that was a good sign. But it seemed like it was going to leave a couple of scars here and there. I sighed then settled in the massive tub that seemed to be meant for two people.

I wonder how many people had sex here—?!

What the hell was I thinking?

* * *

><p>It took me less than fifteen minutes to finish cleaning myself. I emerged from the massive bathing room only in a bathrobe and a towel hanging around my shoulders. I saw Red laying limp on the bed.<p>

"I've already heated the water for you," I called out to him. "Go take a shower while it's still hot."

He stood up from the bed and started undoing his shirt. He placed a hand on top of my dripping hair as he walked past me. "Thanks, Fletch." Then he entered the steamy room.

I guess it was back to nicknames, I thought, sighing.

I searched for the remote and turned the television on, switching it to news channel. I settled down on the plushy, red sofa.

"The suspects are still at large after the explosion; they are Red Sharkey and Fletcher Mo-"

I immediately switched it off then collapsed uncaringly on the soft surface of the comforter. Seriouslyâ€¦ Whenever I went trouble tailed me.

* * *

><p>I looked at my cell phone for the umpteenth time that dayâ€¦

"Still nothingâ€¦" I whispered disappointedly then pocketed my phone.

It _had_ _been three months since Red last texted me. I_ _was still waiting_ _for his_ _message, but somehow there_ _was a_ _unsettling feeling deep inside of me. What if he got into an accident? What if he found new friends? What if-_

_"-etchâ€¦" _

_"Fletcherâ€¦" _

-.--

* * *

><p>"Fletcher!" Red yelled while shaking my shoulders.

"Ehâ€¦ whatâ€¦?" My blurry vision got clearer and I saw Red's face far too close for comfort. "***Red**!" I exclaimed then shot up, causing the two of us to simultaneously hit our foreheads together.

"Owâ€¦ damnit, Fletch, that one hurtâ€¦" He groaned while rubbing his reddening forehead.

I hissed at the pain. "You're not the only oneâ€¦" I sat up, still soothing my forehead.

He frowned disapprovingly at me. I only realized then that he had just finished his shower and he was still dripping from his previous activity. "Don't sleep like that, you'll catch a cold."

I looked down and saw that I was still in my robe, and my hair was still damp. "Oh, sorry."

He snorted then sat beside me, ruffling his hair with a towel. "Still as scatterbrain as usual." He noted.

I glared at him. "I'm tired from the entire escapade we've done

today; it's natural to fall asleep." I reasoned.

He turned to me then smiled. Not his usual smirks or teases but just a natural smile. "Yeah, go take a rest." He once again ruffled my hair.

"Why do you keep doing that?" I asked him, my eyes cast to my hands.

"Doing what?" He asked, clueless.

I frowned at him. "Touching my head," I once again turned my gaze down. "You did that earlier, too."

I felt the tips of his fingers graze on my scalp. It was soothing; I could feel myself getting sleepier by the minute.

"I just like doing itâ€¦" He whispered softly.

My eyelids felt heavier, my vision got blurry, Red's breathing echoed in my headâ€¦ stable, relaxed, calming.

"Hey, don't fall asleep here." I heard him say. It didn't matter since I was barely conscious by that time, struggling to stay awake was out of the question.

Red sighed hopelessly then I felt his arms make their way around my back and behind my knees, lifting me from the couch effortlessly.

"This idiotâ€¦" He said then his grip tightened. "As long as you only act like this around me, then it's fineâ€¦"

"Stupid Redâ€¦" I muttered softly.

He snorted. "Yeah, yeah, I'm an idiot. I know." He carefully placed me down the bed, pulling the covers over me. "That makes two of us."

I felt the mattress loosen. He was leaving.

I struggled to face him then managed to get a hold of the tip of his robe. "Where are you going?" I asked.

He smirked at me. "You told me that you don't want to sleep together so I'll just take the couch."

"It's fine," I whispered. "Sleep here, with me."

Red immediately covered his face. "Stop saying things like thatâ€¦" He muttered; his voice cracking.

I didn't have any idea what he was saying, so I just shrugged it off.

"Just sleep over here," I yawned. "You're going to catch a cold over there."

He looked through the crack in his fingers. "Fletcher, you idiotâ€¦" He murmured almost childishly.

Red knelt on the bed and pulled down the covers. I scooted away from him while he settled down the mattress.

"Good night, Red."

"G'night, Fletch."

* * *

><p>I stirred from my dreamless sleep, feeling somehow elated and comfortable.<p>

"Answer me truthfully,"

My eyes snapped open, and I saw Genie Sharkey looking at us with her hands propped on her hips.

"Are you two gay?"

"G-Genie! What are you doing here?" I exclaimed and was about to sit up, that was, until Red's arms held me still. His hands went right up my chest, even past the robe that fell down to my waist. Red's face snuggled on the crook of my nape, sending shivers up my spine. "R-Red!" I hissed as I tugged his hands off. I could feel my face burning in embarrassment.

"You left the door open, doofus, you're lucky it was only me that got to see you like this." She just pouted. "You didn't answer my question, Half Moon." She insisted.

"Gay or not?"

"Of course not!" I yelled when I finally managed to get rid of Red's hand. I sat up and slipped my robe on defensively.

The auburnette just shrugged then sat down the couch. "It's okay with me, ya know." She dramatically lit a cigarette. "I'm completely cool with it."

I frowned at her then started shaking Red's shoulder. "I'm not gay, Genie." I stopped shaking Red as I faced the older woman. "And I'm quite certain Red isn't gay either."

"What about gays?" Red murmured uncertainly.

I fixed him a glare. "Nothi-"

"I was just talking to Half Moon over here," she said then blew another puff of smoke. "I was curious, you know." She flashed me a crooked smile. "I think he's gay, well, for you at least."

I heard a groan from Red. "He's not gay, Gen." He frowned at her. "We've talked about this already."

Talked about it? This isn't normally a topic for siblings to talk about, especially for these two.

She once again shrugged. "Who knows," she simply said. "During these past few years you've been-"

"GENIE!" Red snapped, furiously glaring at the other. The intensity in his eyes was enough to stun both me and Genie. He groaned in frustration then got up, carelessly trudging away from the bed, ignoring how the bathrobe hung dangerously loose on his hips. "I'm taking a shower," he coldly said then slammed the door close.

"Damn," Genie cursed softly as she extinguished her cigarette.

"What was that about?" I asked her casually.

Genie fixed me a look. "Red," she whispered thoughtfully. "Did you honestly think that he's been doing nothing the past few years you've been apart from each other?" She asked.

I was at loss for words. I didn't know what to do. "What do you-

"I'm not telling you anymore than this," she cut me off. "Of all the Sharkey family members, Red's the only person I don't want to anger." She said with a hint of something in her voice. Reminiscence? Concern? _Fear?_ "I suggest the same to you, Fletcher." She fixed me a serious look.

Not another word came out of my mouth.

* * *

><p>Red emerged from the bathroom in only a pair of worn out jeans and a towel draped over his head. Genie had already left right after our conversation, so that left only him and I inside the room.<p>

He grinned at me. "The tub's already filled. Go take a bath." He said almost as if nothing had happened earlier.

I felt awkward.

"Red, what Genie's talki-

"Stop." Red nearly hissed at me. Our eyes met, and he seemed like he was glaring at me for a moment. "I don't want to talk about it, Fletcher."

His seemingly dark green eyes then shifted and turned cocky as they usually were. "Hurry up and take a bath, we don't have much time to spare."

I nodded uncertainly, then walked towards the bathroom, my mind in a state of turmoil.

For a second there, I thought I saw a side of Red I had never known about.

* * *

><p>Comments, criticisms, even flames. Just tell me that you're there. *uses x-ray vision to detect the lurkers*<p>

I'm watching you, lurkers.

4. Chapter 4

Once I exited the bathroom, Red was already clothed in casual along with a beanie on his head and a pair of thick glasses along with it. Genie sat on the bed with her red hair concealed under a light brown wig. Her body was embraced in a provocative outfit and I've got the strangest feeling that I would be wearing the same.

The ginger haired woman, suddenly a brunette, grinned maliciously at me. She revealed blades between her fingers; those were enough to make me choke in fear.

"Oh, Half Moon," Genie sang. "Stop overreacting- I'm going to do a wonderful job, so-"

"No, no, no!" I yelled, and as I was about to run toward the entrance of the room, Red grabbed my wrists and rendered me motionless.

"I'm sorry, Fletch." He whispered, but the amusement in his voice contradicting what he just said.

"Lemme go, Red!" I thrashed. Genie sighed, then pointed at the bed.

My traitorous friend threw me on the bed and mounted me, sitting on my stomach and holding my hands together above my head.

"Keep him like that, Red," Genie said. I felt a strong yet slender hand hold my ankle while the other one raised my bathrobe up to my thighs.

"Genie! Genie!" I cried. My last shred of dignity I had left gradually, fleeing from me. I looked up at Red with desperate eyes. "Red, please." I pleaded.

His eyes mirrored something similar to pity, but it vanished as quickly. "Just bear with it for a while, Fletch. It'll be over soon."

Something cold pressed on my leg.

My dignity

Where art though, my fucking dignity?

-.-

I stood in front of a full body length mirror, my shoulders hunched, my eyes cast downward, and my painted nails clawing at the border of the absurdly short skirt I was forced to wearing.

"Genie" I muttered.

"Hm?" she hummed in question.

I cast a glare through her reflection. "I hate you."

She just grinned at me in response. "You can hate me all you want,

Half moon." She tauntingly whispered. "But admit it, your disguise is brilliant."

I gave my reflection a run through. In front of me was a woman with a head of black hair falling past her shoulders, her face adorned with make-up, her body embraced by a seemingly corporate attire and cursed heels.

No hints of Fletcher Moon there.

"You're lucky," Genie started as she lit a cigarette. "I didn't have to shave your legs. Damn, how do you keep it like that?" She asked.

My face fell into my hands.

"All of the women in the world would sell their soul to have your legs." She mused. "Long, white, and unblemished- well, except for the burn wounds, of course."

"Pleaseâ€¦" I nearly whimpered, my voice muffled by my hand.
"Enoughâ€¦ I don't want to hear anymoreâ€¦"

Red threw his arm over my shoulders. "It's just for a day, Fletch." I could feel him grinning. "Just for a day."

I groaned. I wasn't comforted. "Then what's for tomorrow, Red?" I hissed. "Short pants and bra tops?"

"Well, that's a good idea." Genie whimsically sang. "I was thinking of what to wear tomorrow, thanks for suggesting, Aoife."

My eyes once again widened in fear. "You can't be serious."

Genie smirked at me. "Try me, Fletcher." She purposely blew the smoke across my face. "It's either that, or you'll be wearing bra tops and mini shorts."

-.-

We properly checked out of the room, our small group catching massive attention from passerbys.

"I doubt this is a proper disguiseâ€¦" I whisper in doubt. "Being undercover usually needs to be inconspicuousâ€¦ we're attracting too much attention."

Genie snorted as she held her hand out, Red automatically placed the car keys on it. "It's not our fault we're such eye candies." She mused out loud.

"But-

I felt Red's hand on top of my shoulder. He pulled me back and allowed Genie to walk ahead of us.

"Don't worry too much, Fletcher," he whispered right beside my ear. "Trust Genie. She might act like that, but she's also worried."

He flashed me a confident grin. "Sharkeys have great trouble sensors."

It comes with the blood." He gave my shoulder a reassuring squeeze. "I'll protect you whatever happens, so stop worrying and start thinking."

-.-

The three of us once again sat back inside the Sharkey sports car, with Genie driving. We reached the small convenience stall behind the police station where Murt was assigned to. Red tossed me a candy, and I ate it greedily not a second later.

"Still not used to my driving, Fletchy?" Genie asked with a cocked brow.

I leaned on the window pane, lightly hitting my head against the hard material. "I doubt anyone would be able to match your skillsâ€¦" I muttered almost grudgingly.

"Hurry up and recover, moron." She snapped, ignoring my sarcasm. "You have to get that video, or whatever, in there."

"Surveillance tape."

"I don't care."

I groaned then frowned when I remembered something.

"Something wrong, Fletch?" Red questioned me with worried eyes. "I could take the tape if you'd like."

I shook my head. "It's too risky," I pondered for a second. I suppose there's no other way than that.

"Where's the nearest payphone?" I asked.

"Usually, there's a payphone inside convi stores." Red answered, jerking a thumb over the stall. I popped the door open, only to be stopped by his call. "I'm coming with you,"

I looked at him, an eyebrow raised. "You can't. We'd make a suspicious pair."

Red snorted, eying me like I'm stupid, which was very offensive on my part. "They'd be looking for two guys, an amazingly hot one and a nerdy one. Not an extremely hot nerd and a- erâ€¦" he looked sheepish. "A chick."

Reality hit me. I groaned out loud, stopping myself from slamming my head on the window. I'm a girl, of course, how stupid of me. "Let's go." I opened the door and let myself out.

"Get me a chocolate bar!" Genie called just as the door slammed close. I made my way to the convenience store, focusing on not tripping on my heels more than anything. Red soon came to my aid by wrapping his arm around my waist. I glared at him and he just smirked at me.

"We make a cute couple, don't you think?" He winked, obviously proud of himself for agitating me.

I growled at him, but decided not to make a scene and just let him do whatever he wanted. Once we reached the payphone, I pinched his hand and he yelped in surprise.

"Don't make a scene." I hissed as I picked the phone, raked my memory for Murt's number and typed it and pressed dial. It took four rings before Murt finally answered it.

"Whoever you are," his voice sounded gravelly and threatening. "You should know better than calling a police man before eight in the morning."

"Murt, it's me," I tried to alter my voice a bit. I decided to use the public phone so it will not be traced back to us if the situation goes awry.

"Holy- Fl- erâ€| Watson!" He stuttered. "How's everything?"

I snorted. Looks like Murt still couldn't get over the fact that we managed to fool people with Genie's amateur make-up skills. "Watson? Really?" I shook my head, trying to focus at the problem at hand. "Look, Murt. I need to ask a favor."

"As long as it doesn't get me killed." I could picture him shrugging. Red made a comment about me calling Murt and asking his well being in his stead. I ignored it.

I looked around, straining to see if there were people around me. Call me paranoid, I'd rather not have people hearing my conversation about stealing something. "Do you have the surveillance tape back in the crime scene?"

Murt was probably frowning, contemplating about what I was planning. "Yeah, I have it. The copy ended right when the explosion happened but the quality is too low so we can't identify the culprits. I'm going to submit the report later this afternoon. Your name will be cleared in no time."

I glanced beside me and saw Red looking over the chocolate aisle. "I need it. Can you send it to me?"

The Police officer bristled at the end of the line. "Are you insane? This could clear your name, Fletcher. Sure we can't identify the culprit but at the very least this can prove that you're not responsible for the explosion."

My mind reeled with this thought. I probably was insane, but I was also desperate. I knew that tampering with evidence wasn't something the police force particularly smiled at, but I needed it, and only Murt can help me now.

My silence was enough for Murt as an answer. "Why am I asking, of course you are," he concluded to himself. "If I gave it to you, will you be able to identify the culprit?"

"I will try my best to do so." I reply.

"How certain are you?"

"Eighty five percent."

Murt sighed heavily on the other line. "Fine, I'll help you. Where to do you want it?"

"At the convenient store behind your office, I'll meet you there in ten."

"Got it. Anyway, is he there?"

I arched a brow at his sudden change of topic. Why was Murt suddenly interested in Red? "He is." I answered briefly.

"Can you hand him the phone?"

I frowned, "You can't talk here about that incident; we're in public." I rubbed my temple in concentration. "I'll call you in a while, stick close to your phone." I placed the phone back in the box and dialed a new number. The line at the register was quite long, hence, giving me enough time as Red waited in line to pay for his chocolate. The person I was calling answered his phone within the second ring .

"Good morning," his voice was cold and eerily familiar. I thought everything over and came to a conclusion that he was the only one that can help me.

"Good morning," I greeted, trying to muster my quaking nerves. "I need your help."

That man was probably smiling on the other line, flashing his famed vampire smile.

Once the phone call was done, I beckoned Red to come to me. The two of us went back in the car and I noticed Red tossed a bag to Genie, only to realize later on that it was a chocolate bar.

"Genie, can I borrow your phone?" I asked.

The auburnette bit the wrapper off as she rummaged through her pockets. She grabbed her phone and mindlessly tossed it to me. Deeming it safe to call him using a private phone, I dialed Murt's number and tossed it back to Red who caught it effortlessly. "Murt wants to talk to you," I answered his unvoiced question.

"'Sup?" he greeted. He paused. "All is well. What do you want to talk about?"

I couldn't hear what they were talking about so I just relied on Red's one sided conversation and his facial expressions.

"It wasn't me, it was a set-up." He whispered, his eyes glaring. "It was dark, probably around nine, ten PM. I was going to grab my motorcycle by the carpark, then I saw April staggering by her car. She looked drunk out of her wit, so I tried avoiding her but she saw me, and saidâ€¦| things."

I could imagine Murt asking Red what those things were.

Red wentâ€¦| red, as he looked away guiltily. "It was nothing, really. Insignificant." His voice went lower as he spoke. He was

embarrassed?

Murt was probably pressing on with what April said judging by Red's frown. He sighed in submission and rubbed his temples. "She just said that she had a crush on me and stuff. It was just mindless flirting." His voice was barely above a whisper by then.

"After that, what happened?" I could picture Murt asking.

Red's furious gaze went back as he recalled the events. "April staggered towards me and I supported her, then I heard a sharp whistling sound and the next thing I know, April had her head hanging back with a bullet hole across her forehead."

His knuckles went white with his grip. "I turned around and saw someone on the emergency staircase. I didn't see it clearly, but I'm sure he's a guy. He turned to a run and accidentally dropped his gun. I grabbed it out of impulse and aimed to shoot at him, but he was gone." Red was growling in anger. "I realized that he had set me up when I heard a shout from outside the gate. I dropped the gun and drove away,"

"Where were you before you arrived in the parking lot?" I asked him.

Red turned toward me, shooting me with a sarcastic, yet a sad smile. "I was with you, dimwit."

The time back in the club came easing through my memory and I pushed it away. I need to focus on the case. "Anyway, the ballistics report will show that the shooter came from afar, plus the video will provide enough evidence for that." I call out so Murt will hear what I said.

Murt must've asked something because Red went quiet. "I don't know," he finally spoke. "It was dark, but he had broad shoulders and he's not that tall. I also think that he has blond hair-"

My unconscious mind slapped me like a wet rug. My blood went cold as realization dawned upon me.

Blond hair, broad shoulders, excellent shooting skills, a traitor in the police force. The puzzle pieces all fell to their right places. My breath got caught in my throat as I sort out all the possible suspects, and only one fit the description.

Police Officer Alexander Reed.

***Insert dramatic music here* **

Okay I made him evil because I'm a butt. Or is he really evil...?*

dun dun DUUUUN

Thank you for reading and I hope you look forward to the next chapter. This is unbeta-ed so I would like to apologize for the grammatical errors and if you have corrections, feel free to post them in the comment section. I will try my best to correct them and I am more than grateful if you took the time to do so.

****IMPORTANT NOTE** (darn I had to use uppercase): I would like to ask if any of you read the Artemis Fowl series. If so, please comment if you prefer not to be spoiled about the story or not. This also goes to those who plan on reading the series (because I swear to god it's one of the best series of books I've ever read. Colfer's a genius). Even a 'stranger' comment would work, so please just inform me. I will wait for your response until the time I build my guts to post the next update. If no one is against me spoiling the series then I would post the next chapter as it is, but if there are people who don't want to be spoiled, then I will respect your response and try to revise.**

5. Chapter 5

I figured that since no one is really against me spoiling the series, I might as well post an update.

****WARNING:** This chapter contains heavy spoilers about Artemis Fowl, Artemis Fowl: Eternity Code and Artemis Fowl: Time Paradox and subtle spoilers about Artemis Fowl: The Last Guardian. To those who don't want to be spoiled, please scroll down to the end of the chapter. I posted a spoiler-less summary of Chapter 5 there.**

"So, where are we off to, Sherlock?" Genie asked as she revved the engine, but I stopped her.

"Wait," I told her, my eyes fixed on the entrance door of the police station. I need to find proof, and the only thing to clear my suspicion was in that tape. Not a moment too soon, Murt Hourihan emerged from the corner with a paper bag in hand; probably containing the tape. He looked around, trying to find me.

Red squinted from his seat. "Isn't that Murt?" he asked.

The police man frowned, both disappointed and annoyed that he couldn't see me anywhere. I tapped Genie's shoulder, and pointed at Murt.

Taking the hint, Genie slipped her sunglasses on, stepped out of the car and walked coolly toward our accomplice. She waved a nonchalant hand at Murt, probably greeting him casually. It didn't take long for Murt to give her the bag and soon, Genie was making her way back to us.

"Here's the tape," she tossed it to me. I looked at it and frowned. "That was awfully fast." I noted. The video is already transferred to a flash drive in no time.

Red looked back at me, then to the stick. "What are you going to do with that?"

I took a deep breath and placed the memory stick back in the bag. "I need you to go somewhere,"

"Where?" the oldest among us asked.

My eyes fell down. I was making a deal with the devil. "I'll drive there," I muttered.

Genie could've protested, but Red must've shut her up. I was a nervous wreck due to the sudden realizations dawning upon me, and now that I was going to face him up close and personal had my blood running cold. The brunette and I switched positions and soon, I was driving speedily across the highway toward the dreaded place.

"Holy shit!" Red whispered beside me as I pulled over to a forest. "I know this place," he looked incredulously at me. "You can't possibly be referring to-"

"I am." I answered him as plain as day. I drove across the trees and not long after, the view of a very tall gate along with a massive castle-like manor came to view.

Genie leaned over to the front, wolf whistling at the impressive structure. "Talk about rich," she mused. "That's the Fowl manor, isn't it?"

The Fowl Family was famous for ruling the underground world, living as the lords and the rulers. They know anything and everything above, and below ground. Right now, the generation lives the husband and wife, Artemis Senior and Angeline Fowl, along with their three sons. Rumor has it that they started going straight, but knowing them, that would surely be a hard feat. The bad blood of criminals ran in their veins for generations- surely it won't be simple to just change in a snap of a finger.

I drove to the gate and waited for it to open. It made a loud buzzing noise, then the gates opened automatically.

Tension filled the car as I parked at a driveway. Red and Genie shared looks when I stepped out of the vehicle and trudged toward the double doors.

"Are you sure about this, Fletcher?" Red asked once we were standing by the entrance. "I mean, all those things we did is fine, but this is just suicide-"

The door opened.

Three heads greeted the three of us. One is shaved, towering at us nearly at six and a half feet. The other two were significantly smaller, one with dark hair and the other with blond. Both were at least thirteen, but the contrasting smile and frown and smile on their faces told otherwise.

The man with the shaved head nodded at me. "You've grown quite well, Fletcher." He noted, an eyebrow cocked at me.

I nodded. "Good morning, Butler. Is Artemis around?" I asked.

"Good day, Fletcher," the one with the dark hair greeted, his voice thick with professionalism and business; a tone unsuitable for a thirteen year old. "I see you've been busy." He said, his eyes looking at me with a curious gaze. "Have you taken a new interest in crossdressing?"

"I haven't," I almost hissed. "I know you know why I'm wearing this, Myles."

"You sure look good in drag." The curly haired blond winked, and then looked over my shoulder. "Friends of yours?" he asked.

I nodded.

"Be nice, you two." Butler scolded the two boys. "Artemis is in his study, would you like to come in and help yourself?"

"Yeah, sure." I replied as I took a step inside the castle. "I'm taking them with me, can I?"

Butler nodded, held the twins by their collar and dragged them away like lost puppies. "Be quiet though, Mrs. Fowl is sleeping in her room."

"Sure," I answered, then made my way to the staircase.

I felt a hand grab my arm and yanked my back. I turned and saw Red looking at me with suspicious eyes. "Who the hell are you again?"

I looked at him, then to Genie. "My name is Fletcher F. Moon," their eyes widened in realization. I shrugged and explained it anyway. "Mr. Artemis Fowl Senior is my uncle, the brother of my mother, and Artemis Fowl II is my first cousin."

"With that said," a cool, cold voice called from upstairs. The three of us turned and saw a man seemingly not older than me leaning on the railings, his arms crossed in front of him and his calculating blue eyes stood out against his vampiric pale skin. I frowned; it always prods my curiosity how he almost seems to be a bit too young for his age of twenty eight.

Artemis Fowl the Second smirked.

"Welcome to the Fowl Manor,"

The three of us sat on the sofa inside Artemis' study while the man himself was on his massive swivel chair. He laced his fingers and leaned over his desk. "You've been stirring quite a commotion out there, the three of you."

"You know us?" Red asked, referring to him and Genie. Artemis smiled at him like a man would do to a child. The frown across Red's face was enough to say that it irked him.

My prodigal cousin lifted a remote of sort and pressed it. The tall windows to his study flickered and snapped, then hundreds of pixilated tech danced across the glass until the windows were completely covered. The room went dark, only lit by the small emergency lights by the wall. "On the contrary, _Red Sharkey,_," he started. "I don't just _know you_," he pressed a button and behind him flashed a floor to ceiling interactive hologram which was decades beyond the technology present in the current generation.

Artemis clasped his both hands, then spread them in an expressive movement. Along with his hands, the hologram extended, filling the whole room with its blue light. _Impressive_ was a great understatement to what was presented in front of us. Even the informant we met back when we were children could hand nothing to

Artemis' technology.

"I know nearly _everything_."

I stood up, recovering twice as fast from the Sharkey siblings who were still marveling at the tech in around them. Artemis cocked an arrogant brow as I made my way toward him. I placed the brown bag on his desk. "I need your help," I pulled out the memory stick and he tentatively reached out to it, frowning at the device for who knows what reason.

"What do you want me to do?" He asks.

"I need you to enhance the video footage enough to identify the culprit."

"Well, anyone else would say that what you're asking is troublesome, Fletcher."

I smirked. "You're not _anyone else_, am I right?"

He smirks back at me. "Indeed." Artemis pulled out a red cube the size of a minidisk player from his cabinet. He placed it at the middle of the table. He pressed a button and the device hummed for a while, then sections of it started popping out, revealing a small screen and speakers.

"Artemis Fowl the Second, system activate."

The screen flickered to life. _"Good morning, Master Fowl."_" the cube answered back, its voice seemingly human without any traces of programmed replies.

He plugged the flash drive to the cube. _"Would you like to download?_" the device asked.

"Yes." Artemis replied to the AI's question. Not more than a second later, it beeped. _"Data successfully downloaded. Would you like to play the file?_"

Artemis glanced at me and I nodded. I felt Red and Genie make their way beside me.

"Confirm," he answered.

The hologram around us opened a screen program and a colored video played in front of us. The three of us stared in awe.

"Fancy device, this cube." Artemis whispered thoughtfully. "It's capable of being basically anything, be it a cell phone, a computer, and even scan anything and everything, even surveillance beams of any satellite within a fifteen mile radius." He patted the cube and it purred in delight, almost as if it was alive to begin with. "The first prototype I've made was back when I was barely an adolescent. This is the third model."

I frowned at him. "That technology is way beyond what we have right now." I skeptically noted. "Artemis, if people were to find out about it, stealing it might just be one of the possibilities."

My cousin smirked at me. "Indeed. That is the reason why I've encrypted an eternity code in the system."

Red nudged my shoulder. I almost forgot about our business.

Artemis seemed to get what that movement was meant for, and decided to drop the discussion.

"Play twenty fifth of June, nine forty-five in the evening."

The video revved to the date and the three of us watched intently as the video unfolded what happened back when April was killed.

The parking area had a car and a motorcycle in it and I can strongly guess that it was April's car. Not soon after, the girl herself staggered to the view. She was obviously drunk judging from her staggering and empty giggles. She turned toward the gate and waved an expressive arm. Red soon arrived and made her way to April. He helped her up like what he said to Murt. She seemed to be babbling as her hand snuck provocative touches to Red's body. I could feel the man standing beside me burning in embarrassment. Well, that was something he left out in his story.

April's head suddenly jerked back in a flash of light. Everything went quiet as we watched the events unfold. Red was true to his words, from the time he grabbed the gun to the screaming woman. To my disappointment, we didn't get to see the shooter due to the camera's angle, but this was enough to prove Red's innocence.

"Would you like to watch to the time when the crime scene exploded?" Artemis asked as he eyed me expectantly.

I nodded. "Yes,"

"Fast forward to twenty-sixth of June, seven AM."

The surveillance once again revved and stopped at the exact time the police arrived. The usual routine was done; the police tape was pulled, the place was searched for evidences and clues, cameras were flashed and officers were spread out. My eyes were fixated on Alex as soon as he arrived. He only did the routinely interviews and rounds.

Murt and I arrived in the scene not a moment too soon. I focused on the spot where the bomb was, then I saw it.

While Murt was asking questions, the bomb was placed. It was a nifty and carefully analyzed movement. _He_ hooked the retractable rope on the branch of the tree. Everyone had their attention either on the corpse or us; _we_ served as the distraction. _He_ used misdirection, diverting everyone's attention away from where he would place the suitcase. The culprit extended the rope and detached it in less than a few seconds. Unfortunately for him, he was almost visible in the camera's angle view. Unfortunately for us, we can barely identify the person from the horribly pixilated image of him.

"Pause," Artemis called, snapping me from my daze. He reached a hand to the screen and expanded it, zooming close to the suspect's face. "Enhance and Identify." The pixilated picture cleared and the cube scanned its face for recognition. Five seconds and the man's whole

life story was posted beside his picture.

Callum Matthews/Christopher Ward

Age: 23

Profession: Police Officer/Hitman

Threat level: Medium

I ignored the details after reading his threat level. How could I have missed it?! He arrived not more than three months ago, so I should've suspected him. He had excellent aiming skills- way too good for a newbie. He visited me that time to see if I was alive. The bastard was going to kill me, but why?

"Would you like to know more about Christian Ward?" Artemis asked as he leaned back to his chair, staring at us almost as if he was marveling at our puzzled expressions.

I looked at him. "How much is all this information going to cost?" I asked.

Artemis shrugged. "All of this information is going to cost you a fortune," he smirked at me. "Had you been a stranger, but since you're family, I will dismiss the expenses in exchange for something that my parents would very much appreciate."

"What is that?" Red asked in my stead. I already knew the answer, and from Artemis' smirk, my answer was confirmed.

Three knocks filled the silence in the room. The door popped open, and light flashed from outside the dark office.

"Artemis," Myles' voice lazily called from outside. "Cap's calling. She said she needs your help."

"Well then," Artemis stood up from his leather seat, spread his arms and clapped them, the hologram vanishing along with his movements. "I have some urgent business to take care of. Fletcher," he turned his attention to me. "I'll mail you the information about Ward along with the details for yourâ€¦_payment_. Do me a favor and keep in touch with Red." He looked at the said man. "He really missed you a lot." He and Red exchanged knowing stares, Artemis seemingly knowing everything and Red's face flushed the color of his hair when he realized what Artemis meant.

"What are you talking about?" I asked, but Artemis waved me away.

He kept the cube back in the cabinet and slightly stretched his limbs. "Ask the man yourself," he held his hands up in faux surrender. "I am in no position to tell _if the man himself is here_. Meaning: _Ask me when Red's not around and I'll tell_.

"Artemisâ€¦" the miniature Artemis drawled out. "Beckett is getting smashed downstairs. You better hurry up or she'll sulk for days again when Beck loses it."

"Of course," the oldest Fowl sibling smiled thoughtfully. It almost

seemed foreign on Artemis' face which was usually filled with smirks and arrogance, but it wasn't half bad. Right when we were about to leave, Artemis lifted a casual hand. "Oh, Red Sharkey," Red turned. "You should've asked your sister," Red frowned and before he could ask what he meant, Genie already herded us out of the room.

We made our way downstairs and saw a little group huddled around the living room. Beckett was there, sitting with his knees together and his head casted down like a scolded child, along with him were the Butler siblings. I noticed Genie eyeing the younger sibling, Juliet Butler. She was a wrestling champion under the name of Jade Princess, but she decided to quit just a few years back and worked under the Fowls like most Butlers. We weren't a part of the Fowl Generation because my mother chose to leave the heritage to support for herself.

Butler stood up from the sofa and walked us to the front door. I didn't see anyone new in the group, so who was she? I mustered up my courage and turned toward Butler.

"Who's the Captain?" I asked him once I was outside. Genie and Red were already making their way to the car with Red bantering and Genie growling, but I chose to be left behind just to ask. It was beyond rare to see Artemis smiling so genuinely, so curiosity was killing me.

Butler smiled at me. "You're better off not knowing. Take care of yourself, Fletcher, and say hi to your mother from me."

I nodded, and right when I was about to turn, I saw a flicker of haze just above Butler's shoulder. I didn't get to have a better look because Butler already closed the door.

It's probably just the rush of information getting to me.

****SPOILER-LESS SUMMARY:****

****In this chapter, Fletcher and the gang retrieved the flashdrive containing the video from Murt and brought it to the most influential crime family in Dublin: The Fowl Family. Artemis Fowl- the prodigal first born son of the family who also happened to be Fletcher's first cousin- took the flashdrive and enhanced the video several times to see who the culprit is. The trio, especially Fletcher himself, found themselves surprised to find that the culprit was Callum Matthews, the newbie in the police force. Fletcher and Artemis both discussed the payment for the man's services only to have Artemis telling Fletcher a vague message:****

*******_I'll mail you the information about Ward along with the details for yourâ€¦_****_payment_****_. Do me a favor and keep in touch with Red." Artemis looked at the said man. "He really missed you a lot." He and Red exchanged knowing stares, Artemis seemingly knowing everything and Red's face flushed the color of his hair when he realized what Artemis meant._****

****and****

****_Oh, Red Sharkey," Red turned. "You should've asked your sister," Red frowned and before he could ask what he meant, Genie already**

herded us out of the room._**

Afterwards, the three of them left the manor.

Thank you for reading and have a great day.

6. Chapter 6

"So, Callum Matthews," I leaned back the leather seats and groaned. This was too much information for one day. Why would he try to set Red up? Why did he kill April in the first place? This was all too confusing. What was missing piece in the puzzle?

"So, your family is the greatest criminal heritage in Ireland." Red said in monotone. "Why do I not know that?"

I sighed. Of course, Red will ask me about this. "I didn't know until the Christmas Reunion after I graduated middle school. I didn't get to tell you, because-" I mused whether to tell him or not. Yep, I was still angry after all. "You _disappeared._"

Red held his tongue, probably gritting his teeth in frustration. I knew he didn't deserve all my angst, but he could've explained himself why he vanished without a trace like the frigging Mary Celeste. I heaved another deep sigh, knowing that I won't get any explanation soon.

"I need to know why Callum Matthews- no. Why Christopher Ward is targeting us." Now that I knew who the culprit is, I can finally drop the suspicion I'm holding against Alexander Reed. I whipped out my phone and sent him a quick message.

I lounged back and sunk deep in my thoughts. My phone vibrated in my pocket and I reached out for it. I received a message along with two attached files.

Good afternoon. I've sent you the video along with Christopher Ward's whole life story. This will prove to be sufficient for the clearance of yours, and Red Sharkey's name, though I must say that your good friend Hourihan will be extremely infuriated to be bamboozled by a hitman no less. I expect your family's appearance on the upcoming Christmas Day. Tell your mother that father misses her dearly.

I suggest for you to visit April Devereux's funeral this afternoon back at her old home. You might_ come across some clues. It's best to bring Red with you._

AF

This, coming from a criminal mastermind himself, will definitely be of use.

"Red, we're going to visit April's old house." I opened the video to make sure that it's working. "Genie?"

"Yes, sweetheart?" Genie asked with no real emotion.

"I need you to go to the police office and give the video straight to

Murt. Drop us off in the nearest bus stop." Once the video ended, I locked my phone and gave it to Genie. "Red, I'm borrowing your clothes for a while."

Red nodded. "They're in the blue bag. Go help yourself."

I started stripping out of my clothes as graceful as I can in the back seat, which is pretty much like a demented seal shimmying out of a piranha stricken pond. I took time to examine my burn wounds. They were still relatively fresh, considering that I just nearly blown to smithereens the day before yesterday.

Only three days have passed, huh? Time sure runs fast when you're on the run.

"I know you have gorgeous legs and all," Genie called from in front. "But you better stop ogling over them and hurry up because crime waits no one."

"I'm not ogling over my legs, Genie." I groaned at her as I slipped on a pair of Red's jeans. A pair of shoes that was three sizes too big for me and a black shirt later, I was well suited to attend a funeral. "Drop us off there, I'll fetch us a cab."

Genie parked on the spot I told her, and then turned towards me. A snicker escaped her lips once she saw me. "You're seriously not going out like that." she raised an eyebrow.

"What do you mean?"

"You're like a frivolous transgender female pretending to be male." She reached a hand and yanked on the wig on top of my head. "Wash your face."

I nodded, grabbed a discarded cap and hung it low over my head. "Let's go, Red." I popped the door open and walked inside the fast food chain nearby. I tried to be as inconspicuous as I could as I headed straight to the comfort room.

Red soon followed me inside the stall. He caught me in mid splash.

"Careful not to smudge it," he noted.

"Shut up," I hissed, though with not much malice. I grabbed a tissue from the dispenser and wiped my face dry. I looked up my reflection and groaned.

"Goddamnit I look like Joker."

"You sure do." Red nodded in agreement as he reached out to pull more towels. "I told you to be careful, but did you listen?" He took my chin between two fingers and started wiping the smudged make up off my face with the tissue. Three tissues and a more than enough banter session later, I can finally recognize myself.

Red plucked the glasses off his face and shoved it on mine. "Disguise,"

I nodded, then we left the restroom and rode a taxi to our

destination with no more delays.

It's time to see April Devereux one last time.

-.-

"I suppose that we have to keep an eye out for May Devereux?" I whisper in mid travel.

May Devereux, April's cousin, was a sweet girl back in middle school. She was the angel to April's innate wickedness, that was until I came around and ruined it all. After the massive ordeal with the arson and assault incident May lost her only parent, her father, to the justice of law. He was sent to prison and left May under the care of April's parents. Her mother left them at a young age and nobody knew where to find her.

I felt my nails dig on my palms. I could still remember what she said to me back when we were in front of hundreds of people in that competition.

'What my father did was bad, but what you did was worse.'

'I hate you, Fletcher.'

Her words, her tear stricken face, and the anger that distorted her pretty face haunted me until today. I robbed her childhood from her. The first time I solved a huge scale mystery, and I ended up hurting the only girl that was ever kind to me.

I felt a fist bumped on my shoulder.

"Cheer up, Fletch." Red said. "May doesn't hold any grudge against you,"

Anger and uncertainty welled up inside me. "How would you know?" I growled.

"Believe it or not, I've been in touch with May for the past few years." He seemed like he was reminiscing. "All she talks about is you. How she misses you and how she regrets what she said to you." His fingers wounded in my scalp. "So stop worrying,"

I should've took comfort in Red's words, but the fact that he'd been in touch with May where he couldn't even send a single message to me irked me to no end. I decided to dismiss it, along with the 'May issue' and decided what I will do once I'm in April's funeral.

It took us less than an hour to reach our hometown. Everything felt so small once we stepped out of the taxi. Memories of the past assaulted me like a hit after another. Hardly anything has changed in the past ten years. The lawns were still green and neatly trimmed, the walls painted with the same color, and the bushes where Red and I hid on were a lot smaller and visible than I could remember.

I looked up on the balcony of April's old room and found the tree still standing tall beside it; the same tree where Red and I were perched at the night of the sleep over. I turned and saw the unicorn still missing its tusk. The horn that broke off when we attempted to escape from a bunch of ten year old girls with golf clubs. Was that

balcony really that low? I remember it being higher.

"I feel old," Red whispered beside me, and I felt the same. Everything felt so real when you're an adult. The obstacles we've faced before seemed like a child's play compared to what we're facing now, despite the familiarity of the situation; Red being accused of assault where today, he's told to be a murderer and me for burning the house where now, it's for blowing up the crime scene. It almost seemed like Red and I were destined for these kinds of crimes. I took a deep breath, and made my way to the funeral.

I looked around and found familiar faces. Of course, April's parents were there, along with Principal **Quinn** back in our middle school. Some of the neighbors visited and the rest were unfamiliar faces, most likely April's acquaintances the past ten years. Rarely anybody cried; most remained stoic as the ceremony rights were said. Only one cry can be heard in the funeral, and that was the whimper of a girl painfully familiar to me.

Her back was hunched, almost as if she was bearing the weight of her cousin's death. Her curly brown locks fell on her face as she wiped away the tears.

May Devereux was still as beautiful as I remembered her to be.

Red and I remained in the sidelines. We kept quiet as the coffin was loaded in the back of the hearse and drove all the way to the cemetery. May walked close to April whenever possible. Until the time the casket was lowered, May stood closest to her cousin, down until the last grain of soil fell. The others began to leave one by one.

Once there were no more than close relatives left, Red made his way to May and clasped a hand over her shoulder.

"May," he whispered softly, so as not to surprise her.

May turned around and nearly gasped when she saw the two of us. Instead of shouting, she broke into another cry.

"Red," she sobbed, her head falling on Red's chest. She wept quietly on him, and I remained motionless beside them. I didn't know what to say or what to do. I stood there like an idiot as Red comforted May.

"I don't know what to do anymore, Red." May whispered softly once she collected herself. "My mother and father are gone, and now April is gone too." Her fragile fingers clenched on the cloth of Red's shirt. "I justâ€¦"

My stomach churned, guilt gnawed inside me.

Red soothed her back. "I'm sorry about April." He comfortingly said.

"You aren't the one that killed April like what others said," She looked up at Red. "I never believed them, I know you wouldn't do that to April."

"Thank you," Red smiled.

May turned her gaze to me. Her face held no emotion as our gazes locked.

"Fletcher," she finally said. She stepped back from Red and made her way to me.

I froze on the spot. "M-Mayâ€|" I nearly choked out.

"Fletcher," she reached out and held my stiff hand. "I'm so sorry, Fletcher, for what I've said before. I was young and inconsiderate."

I looked at her brown eyes. "I'm the one who should be sorry, May."

She smiled at me; a smile that I didn't expect to see anymore from her face.

"I forgive you, Fletcher Moon."

-.-

Once everyone left, May invited Red and me to her house. Her new house was a few blocks away, so we had to have a lengthy walk on the way. May and Red talked with much familiarity while I kept quiet and pondered to myself. It was a good thing that May had forgiven me, but it unsettled me to no end. It was almost like I didn't deserve to be forgiven after what I've done to her. Perhaps it's just my guilt talking.

"Make yourselves at home," May called out once we were in her apartment. "What would you like? Tea? Coffee? Orange juice?"

Red wanted orange juice, while I politely declined her offer.

"Fletcher, I insist," she smiled through hers still red face.

I forced a smile. I wasn't particularly thirsty, but declining her twice might just be all out rude. "A glass of orange juice, then?"

May nodded, then made her way out of the room.

Red and I sat in awkward silence by the sofa.

"It's good that she has forgiven you," Red noted silently.

I nodded, but still, I had my doubts. May didn't take long before she served us our respective drinks. She sat across us; on her hand was a glass of juice for herself. May raised her glass. "Should we?" she asked uncertainly.

I glanced at Red and found him looking at me. He raised his own glass and I did the same.

"To April," Red said. "May she find peace."

The three of us tapped our glasses together and drank from it. I

drank it all in one gulp, finding myself thirstier than I initially thought. I placed the cup down and saw Red do the same.

My vision suddenly blurred.

I looked at my hands and found them getting blurry and doubling in numbers.

Red groaned beside me, then he collapsed sideways. I turned towards May and found her grinning at us.

"I'm sorry, Fletcher," her voice became void of its previous warmth. "Truly am,"

I am tipsy, not drunk. This is why grammatical errors are left uncorrected. Sweet mother theresa on the hood of a mercedes benz, someone please tell me how **_not_****_to get drunk_**** of a single bottle. My horrible alcohol tolerance is legendary.**

7. Chapter 7

This will be the last chapter of BLISSFUL VENGEANCE. I would like to thank everyone for reading through this story and I hope that you all will like how it will end. So yeah... enjoy.

Oh! And pardon my typographical and grammatical errors. This was not edited so... yeah.

**And a fair warning. There will be sexual scenes in this chapter. I didn't bother switching to M because I figured you guys can handle it. I think. **

My eye lids fell, and when I opened them, I found myself tied up in a dark room.

"Red?!" I called out almost desperately. My eyes were still hazy and I could barely see through the dark and a wave of nostalgia overwhelmed me; the time when Red and I were inside April's basement, both battered from falling from her balcony.

I looked around and found a figure leaning on the wall close to me.

"Why is it always the basement?" Red's almost frustrated but mostly deadpan voice complained.

My nerves calmed down once I realized that it was him sitting there with me. Sure, it doesn't do any good that both of us were tied and locked inside the basement, but you can never say no to company when you've been abducted.

"So, it's May Devereux," I groaned when my head spun and stung from the after effects of the tranquilizer. "I guess I should've seen it comingâ€¦"

"You really should've, detective." May's voice sang from the stairs. The light that was previously there vanished as the door closed. Eerie footsteps filled in the uncomfortable silence. "I expected that from Red, but from you? You're getting rusty, Fletcher." She clucked

her tongue in disappointment.

"But I did put on a good show, so I can't blame you."

May took the last step and came to view. She wore the same smile she showed me earlier at the funeral, but I knew better. The curve in her lips almost seemed psychotic as she tilted her head to the side. Her brown eyes were void of kindness; instead, it held pure and unadulterated insanity.

"Surprise!" she beamed. "Were you surprised? I sure hope you were! I put out a _looooot_ of effort, you know!" she waves a finger. May was a borderline psychopath. "I even had to risk my life to hire some wack'o to kill my cousin, but it was _woooorth_ it!" she sang.

Red snarled beside me. "You psychotic bitch."

Our captor clucked her tongue. "No bad words, Red. May is still too young to hear them! No, no, no!"

The sheer insanity if this situation made my skin crawl. What the hell happened to May?

"But really," she walked toward us. "You should've seen this coming, Fletcher. You did take my dad away from me." May leaned to me and caught my chin between her fingers. "I even had to kill April to get you to come out and play!" she shook her head like a mother would do to a disobedient child. "You've done bad, _bad_ things."

"Don't put the blame on him, you insane psychotic bi-"

"SHUT UP!" she screamed then backhandedly slapped Red. _"I told you to shut up, didn't I?!"_ she started kicking him relentlessly.

"Stop! May!" I yelled as I try to wedge myself between her and Red. She landed a sharp kick on my stomach.

She stopped. "Oh my, I'm so sorry, Fletcher." She crouched down to us. "I didn't mean to kick you." She muttered like a child. "You should really teach your pet when to hold his tongue,"

"What do you want?" I spat at her.

May pushed herself up and pondered over what I said. "Well, I really don't know." She answered. "I thought that it would come naturally once I have you two in here, but right now, I have absolutely _no_ idea_! None at all!"

"Then why are you keeping us here?" I asked. I was trying to keep my voice as level and as calm as I could. May's bizarre behavior might snap if I said one wrong word.

"Because!" she grinned insanely. "I'm going to kill you, like what you did to my dad!"

"Kill?" Red sputtered behind me. "We didn't kill your dad."

She pouted. "Well, of course you didn't kill him _directly_. He was in jail, but you did your fair share of driving him to committing

suicide."

"Your fatherâ€¦ killed himself?" I choked out.

May glared at me. "I just said so, didn't I? Don't make me repeat myself." She lifted a manicured finger and prodded on my forehead. "He killed himself right when his sentence was about to end." She traced the pad of her index finger on my jaw. "He left a note saying _'I'm sorry, May,'_, then he hanged himself in the toilet cubicle." She shrugged. "It's tragic, really."

Her fingers caught my chin and forced me to look at her face. "Maybe I should kill you the way my dad killed himself, but that would be too easy, right?" she slapped me hard on my cheek. "So, I thought," she prodded on, acting like she didn't slap me in the first place. "Why destroy the two of them, _then_ kill them right after?"

She clapped her hands gleefully. "It was such a great plan! It worked out so well too! May is such a genius!" she turned toward me. "Don't you agree, Fletcher?" her eyes shone in excitement and pride.

I decided to just please her while we're in her mitts. "Yes, that was a well laid plan."

May chuckled happily. Had we not been tied down in a dark basement by her hands, it would've passed as an innocent, happy giggle. "Look at that Red! Fletcher said my plan is brilliant!" she was immersed so much in her world that she didn't acknowledge my sarcasm.

Once she got off from her high, she flashed us one last insane smile. "Now behave, you two. If I heard so much as a noise from you," she pulled out a gun from her back. "I might just pop a bullet or two in your heads." May stared at the heavy black weapon in her hands. "I haven't shot one of these before, but I think I won't miss if I did this," she pushed the nuzzle straight on my forehead. My body froze as she did.

The insane doll in front of us pulled the gun back and walked away. "Bye bye!" she chirped, then slammed the door close.

"What now?" Red groaned from behind me.

I leaned back and slid down the floor. My bones were still jelly from her pointing a gun to me. "What happened to her?" I whisper.

Red shrugged. "I don't know, and I honestly don't care." He shifted from his position, then groaned. "I sure got more than I bargained for. My stomach hurts like a motherfucker. I'm gonna have bruises for sure," he moaned.

"You should've listened to her," I said. "She's going borderline psychotic by the looks of it. Aggravating her further is just digging your own grave."

He weakly kneed my back. "Thanks a lot, genius. I could've used that trivia a couple of minutes ago." He snarled.

I sighed, and laid down completely on my back. Red did the same.

"It probably runs in their family, that mental disorder thing." He

absent-mindedly said. "I mean, look at April. That psychopathic power maniac was insane even when she was a kid." He scoffed. "She and her little groupies tried to kill us with freaking golf clubs! I'm still having nightmares 'till now, you know." I tried to suppress a chuckle, but it came out anyway. That certainly was a nightmare. Maniacal ten year old girls armed with golf clubs, all of them hungry for blood.

"Then, there's May's old man who assaulted you, burned the little house, and attacked those people just so his daughter would win the freaking talent contest!" He sighed dejectedly. "It's hardly a surprise that May follows the suite."

I could tell that this ramble was Red's form of telling _'It's not your fault,'_, but still, I felt responsible for pushing her to this path. I shook my head. "Thanks, Red." I whispered. I could picture Red ruffling my hair if we weren't bound.

"Geez, so sappy all of a sudden," he was smiling by the tone of his voice.

"Idiot," I muttered, then relaxed on the cold concrete.
"Red?"

"Yep?" he replied coolly.

I clenched my hands hard.

"Why did you disappear, all those years?" I dared to ask.

Red didn't answer me immediately; instead, he allowed the two of us to dwell in uncertain silence. Soon, though, he took in a deep breath and sighed.

"I lost my phone."

What?

_"What?" _ I said my thoughts out loud.

Red groaned, obviously uncomfortable with the chosen topic. "Someone nicked my phone back when I was a freshman. I didn't have a back up list of contacts and I lost your number and email along with my phone. I couldn't find you via social media. I can't remember your email address, and when I managed to get back in our town a few years after moving for high school, you and Hazel already left. I couldn't ask your parents because they hate my guts." Red was basically babbling. "I didn't know where to find you and how to contact you. Even dad's informant was nowhere to be found when I got back."

I was quiet. I tried to process all that Red said.

"Why didn't you tell me this?"

He huffed in indignation. "Becauseâ€¦|" his voice was barely above a whisper.

I kept quiet, silently urging him to continue.

"Herod laughed at me when I told them that I lost my phone." He

mumbled. "I'm a Sharkey that had my phone stolen."

Again, I didn't reply at first. His situation was like a con artist being conned. I merely felt helpless as the years of wondering and worrying flashed in my memory.

"Red," I kept my voice as plain as I could. "You're an idiot." Still, I couldn't help myself but to forgive him. He sure was egoistic, and all around bundle of stupidity, but he was Red. How the hell can I hate him after that confession?

I sighed for the umpteenth time that afternoon. "What do we do now?" I asked, deciding to go back to the problem at hand.

"Dunno," he replied, his cool now back. "Maybe it's time to end the charade and just let nature do its work."

I frowned. "It's not nature if a mentally deranged girl is going to kill us in the most horrible way possible."

"Point made." He nodded. "Don't you have anything in that massive head of yours?"

I tried struggling, but my ropes were tightly bound. "Is your rope tied tight?" I asked.

"I wouldn't be held down if it was loose now, would I?" Red Sharkey: the only guy that never failed to make a sarcastic comment even in a life or death situation. I kept quiet, trying to let the message across. He groaned, then shifted around. "I've got plenty room to breathe," he said, his voice a bit more optimistic than usual. "May didn't tie it tight enough to choke me. She is a girl after all."

A wild idea popped in my mind.

"Breathe real deep from your chest, Red." I frantically said.

Red struggled to sit up the concrete just so he could shoot me an incredulous look. "What will that do? This place is pretty airtight. Are you planning on leave us dying from asphy-something?"

"It's asphyxiation, _ and just do as I say," I struggled to sit up myself. "I'm the brains, right? You're the handsome guy that does all the work?"

My red head friend, now a ravenet snickered. "I'm gonna pretend that you didn't just call me handsome," he winked. "I'm gonna do it, but if I die, I'll haunt you to your tomb." He breathed in deeply, held it, then exhaled.

His eyes brightened. "Holyâ€¦ it loosened just a bit." He eagerly did the same, once, twice, three times.

"Hurry up," I hissed at him, wary whether May would suddenly pop out of the blue.

"Shut up. I'm not Rambo, for god's sake." He said in one quick exhale.

The door clicked open. Red's deep breathing got caught in his

chest.

"Here comes the evil tyrant." He whispered as he released his built up oxygen.

"Aren't you loose yet?"

"Shaddup." He said hurriedly.

"I'm back!" May sang from upstairs. Along with her were the suspicious and stomach wrenching sounds of metal. Her feet soon came to view, then her thighs, then her torso. The last one to be seen was her face, which was contorted into a terribly innocent look. She lifted her hands, both busy holding mysterious pointy weapons. "Let's play?"

It was like she's Chucky's bride. I'd be lying if I said that I wasn't scared shitless.

The look on Red's face told me that he thought of the same thing.

May placed her materials down the nearby table and made her way to us. "You haven't been disobedient, have you?" she asked me.

Red groaned quietly behind me. He was trying really hard not to be the sarcastic man that he was.

Our insane captor smiled when her question was answered with silence. "I'll take that as a yes," she turned around and I vaguely heard Red breathed in deeply. She plucked one of her blades and swiftly twirled around, her dark dress lifting along with her movements. "Red and I will play first." She smiled at Red, who uncharacteristically paled at what she said.

"No," I said, again, trying to keep my voice level. "I was the one that did this to you, May. I deserve to be first."

She raised a curious eyebrow at me, then shrugged. "Well, since you're so enthusiastic, I guess it won't hurt to play with you first." May trudged toward me with a corkscrew in hand. Don't tell me she plans to

The maniac grinned well maniacally.

Red you better hurry the fuck up.

May skipped her way to me as she caressed the menacing kitchen tool in her hand. "You've gotten quite handsome, haven't you, Fletcher?" she noted as she pushed me down flat on my back and straddled me. "Maybe I should have sex with you first, then I'll kill you?" she leaned over, close enough for her breath to spread on my face. Her breath smelled sweet, almost sickeningly so. "I'm getting all wet just watching you like this," to emphasize her point, she deliberately rubbed her crotch on top of mine.

I shivered.

Her eyes shone in the dark. "You're liking this, aren't you?" she grinded harder. "Should we fuck in front of Red?" she whispered

against my ear. "I bet he'd hate that. Me, fucking his _most important person_."

"Stop this, May." I said, steeling my voice. "This is not right. I-"

She placed a finger on top of my lips. "You talk about what's _right_?" she pulled back and extravagantly extended both hands beside her. "I practically am about to kill you. What's so _moral_ about _that_?" Her hands fell dangerously close to my zipper. "Why not add one more thing to the list?"

I desperately turned my head to the side and found Red looking horrified at what was happening. Even I'd be horrified if I was in his position. I was distracted enough to not notice that May yanked my pants halfway, leaving me in my boxers.

"Fuck!" I yelped when I felt cold air hit me.

May smiled appreciatively. "Nice package you got here," she trailed her finger on the outline of my shaft.

I struggled my legs, trying hard to cover myself up. May merely giggled at my effort.

"Don't tell me you're a virgin, Fletcher?"

I choked.

"Oh me, oh my!" She laughed like the crazy woman she was on top of my lap. "That's soooo adorable!" She slid down until her face is aligned with my member. "Maybe I should pleasure you. It _is_ your first time after all." Her nimble fingers hooked on the garter of my undergarment and forcibly ripped it off my hips.

Fuck! I'm not about to lose my virginity in front of Red of all people!

I gritted my teeth and snapped my foot on her shoulder and kicked her away, immediately regretting it when I heard a dull yet painful thud from below. I forced myself up to see what happened to May. She was lying on her side, seemingly dazed about my attack.

Wasting no time, I stood up and dashed towards the table where she placed her _'torturing materials'_. Before I could grab myself a knife, something sharp and dull ripped the skin on my thigh. "Goddamn you, Fletcher." May growled from behind me. She reached for the butcher knife and shoved it on my neck. "I was being _fucking_ nice to you, you ungrateful son of a bitch."

I heard May yelped and when I turned around, I saw Red with his ropes loose across his torso. On the ground was our captor, glaring daggers at him. "How the _fuck_ did you get out?!" May screeched like a banshee.

Red knelt on the ground beside her and grabbed her face with five long fingers and his feet pinned her wrists beside her. "Potty mouth, you sardonic whore." His eyes gleamed with anger as he growled dangerously, _dangerous enough to sound like he was going to kill May_. _He grabbed the discarded knife and crossed it with May's

throat, just like what she did to me earlier.

Alarms blared in my mind. Red was actually going to do it. "Red! Stop!" I pushed myself to him, and caused him to tumble away from her. He cursed at me when May stood up and attempted to run up the stairs. Out of impulse, I locked her ankle between my feet, completely tripping her. A loud crack snapped Red and I back to reality and we saw May unconscious; her head on the first step of the stairs.

Blood started to stream down her nose.

My vision started to blur. Everything felt dreamlike as I watched the crimson fluid pour from her breathing orifice.

"Red," I said; my voice barely above a whisper.

"Yeah?" Red uncertainly asked.

"I think I just killed May." I was being brutally honest. I couldn't think of anything to say at the moment. Euphemism was out of the question.

Red kept quiet. Both of us sunk into a dizzying momentum.

"I don't think so," he finally replied. He reached two fingers on May's throat and felt her pulse. He sighed in relief when he felt faint, yet present heartbeat. "We didn't." He confirmed.

"Red?" Again, my voice fell into a monotone.

"Yeah?" Red replied, again with his uncertainty.

_ "Get me my pants." _

He paused.

"Right away."

-.-

All is well, that ends well.

I phoned the police while Red tied up an unconscious May. They arrived in no more than five minutes, and soon, she was charged with multiple crimes. Red and I stared into space as we perched ourselves on the back of the ambulance with towels on our shoulders and hot cocoa in our hands.

Murt approached us with a plain old face.

"You two boys okay?" he asked.

"I'll be fine once I got home and drink some beer. You have shitty chocolate here." Red groaned beside me. We were gradually regaining our senses and returning to reality.

"I wouldn't be able to look at a corkscrew for a while," I murmured absently.

"Corkscrew?" Murt frowned in puzzlement. He shrugged it off and decided to go ahead with his report. "Well, good news is that you two are both clear, May is in custody and we're already on the look-out for Christopher Ward." He spat his name, obviously angry about being tricked by a spy into joining the force.

He rubbed his graying head. "I'm still in trouble for lending you the evidence, but all is well that ends well." The police officer placed his hands on mine, and Red's shoulder. "Thank you for a job well done, you two."

I nodded listlessly as I turned to my side only to see a familiar head of blond hair amongst the crowd. Police Officer Alexander Reed stepped away from the people and made his way to us. "'Sup, Fletch?" he greeted casually. He was still supported by the crutch and his skin was still bandaged here and there.

A cocky smile made its way across my face. "'Sup, rookie? Aren't you glad to see me?"

He scoffed. "As glad as me seeing my future mother-in-law, yeah."

I smirked. "You don't have to worry about in-laws; no woman is stupid enough." I felt Red shifted beside me. "Oh yeah," I turned to him and Alex limped his way closer. "Red, this is Alex. Alex, Red."

Alex raised a brow at us. "So this is the infamous Red Sharkey," he extended his free hand. "Nice to finally meet you,"

Red accepted the gesture. "You too," he said almost forcibly. I could almost feel the tension building up between these two.

"Er," I awkwardly muttered.

The blond officer released Red's hand and faced me. "Say, Fletch. Why don't we grab some drinks on the way home?"

I frowned at him. Since when did Alex become so courteous all of a sudden?

An arm draped across my shoulders.

"Sorry," Red said as he pulled me closer. "Fletcher and I already have plans."

Alex glared. "You sure about that, ex-con?" his voice seethed with sarcasm.

"Try me, squirt." Red bantered back.

I looked in a distance and found Murt Hourihan looking at our direction with a knowing smirk. I groaned, hating the fact that everyone seemed to know what was happening other than me.

A thought popped in my mind.

"Red?"

The two of them stopped exchanging banters and turned their attention to me.

"About that number thing, you should've just asked Genie." I shrugged dismissively. "She and Hazel have been in touch for quite some time now." though every time I asked Hazel about Red, she would just say that Red was away from Genie. Now that I thought of it, she never mentioned about Red losing his phone.

Red's face slowly morphed from surprise, to disbelief, then to sheer anger.

"Goddamnit GENIE!" Red screamed.

I could've sworn I heard his sister giggle nearby.

We've been played.

Epilogue:

Things went relatively normal after that massive incident. Red has been texting and visiting me whenever he has the chance. Most of the time, he would drop by just to annoy me, usually by hanging around in my office and lounging by the sofa meant for clients. I admit it was great to have him around again, though I would never say that out loud.

The incident did well to my business, that's one thing. Clients bustled ever since my name got plastered all over the telly.

Today was a lazy day at the office. Most cases handed to me has been solved and taken care of. I casually leaned back and propped my feet up the table; a position that I hardly ever do before and Red often did. Damn, he was rubbing off me.

The door opened, revealing a familiar smirking face that both annoys and amuses me.

"What are you doing in my office, rookie?" I asked, hinting as much displeasure as I could.

Alex made his way to me, his crutch long gone and now he was back to his usual 'cool swagger'. "Murt needs your help," he said. "It's a case about Fission Chips."

My interest piqued at the mention of the name. Fission Chips was a massive smart tech company, having the leading brands of various devices from cell phones to computers on a par with Phonetix. Rumor has it that the company made it to the top because of stolen research, and the IT billionaire CEO's shady past and accusations of selling military secrets was something that simply caught the eyes of the police, even the CIA. Despite the accusations, the owner of the company, namely Jon Spiro, still remained unscathed because there were no solid proofs to support their claim. The public was told that it was all massive misunderstanding in printed newspapers the following day. Of course, the population believed everything written on the paper, but I knew that there was something fishy about that company.

Another person intruded my office without so much of a knock. The second visitor frowned at the first.

"What are you doing here?" Red groaned, not bothering to hide his sneer at Alex.

I beat Alex to speaking. There was no stopping these two once they started bantering. "Alex is here to hire me for a case." I stood up from my swivel seat and casually slipped my coat on. "A case way too dangerous for _just_ anyone to handle."

Red raised an eyebrow at me. "Are you trying to scare me off?"

"I might be." I smirked at their direction. "Are you scared, Red Sharkey?"

Red grinned. "Like hell I am."

And.. the end. Thanks everyone. Continue being awesome. Peace out.

End
file.